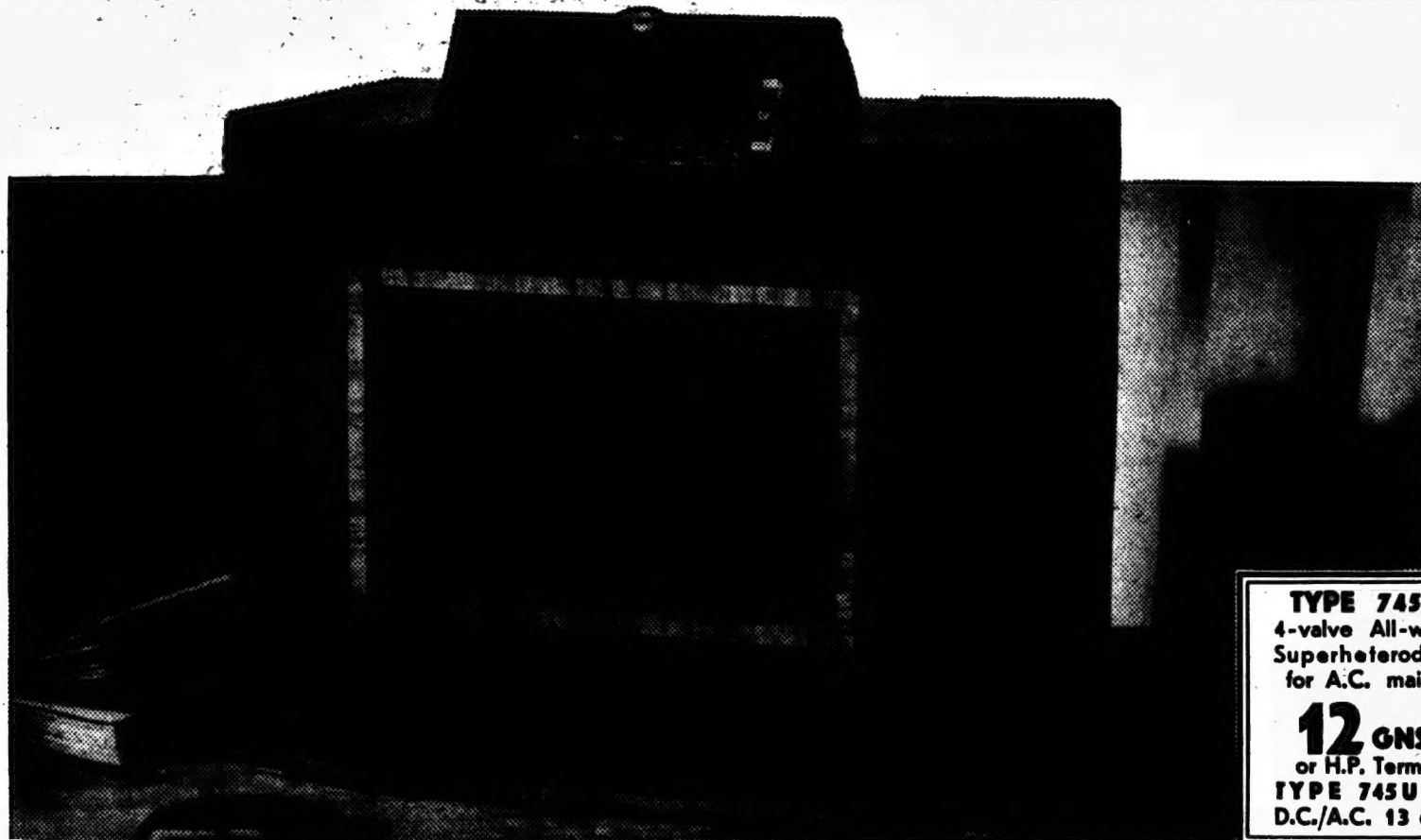


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OUTRAGEOUS ILLEGAL TRIALS

IN every part of the country outrage after outrage is being perpetrated by local administrators upon the submerged and most helpless section of the community—the workless who, with their families, are in the toils of the poor law.

Much of the harshness and cruelty is of local manufacture, but Whitehall is guilty of connivance in so far as its complacency never seems to be disturbed when the truth is revealed, and the higher authorities never make an example of the culprits, although their actions are often flagrantly illegal.

There is one form of oppression which is now being practised in different forms throughout the country that seems to us to reach the uttermost limit.

It is so serious that if the responsible Government Department—in this case the Ministry of Health—does not speedily intervene, there is every reason to expect that the Lord Chancellor or the Lord Chief Justice will be compelled to make a public pronouncement when the facts are presented to them.

To such lengths has the Public Assistance administration been allowed to run unchecked that it is now boldly usurping the prerogative and the functions of the judiciary itself.

Men and women who are workless and indigent are being secretly convicted and sentenced without trial, and their dependents penalised by committees of councillors who have no judicial standing or authority whatever.

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The first principles of law and justice are being violated in a manner without precedent. A state of affairs so grave has grown up that it should not be tolerated for one day longer.

The new self-appointed public assistance judges are not even satisfied with the measure of retribution which they first serve out to alleged wrongdoers from the ranks of the unemployed. After privately convicting and sentencing them without even the semblance of a trial, they then subject their victims to legal prosecution.

As a result, a large number of men and women have lately been sentenced by magistrates without the courts being made aware that the offenders—all brought up on trivial charges—had already been heavily and illegally punished by persons with no right to sit in a judicial capacity over their fellow-citizens.

The beginnings of this scandal began to be apparent some months ago when, after police-court proceedings in different districts against people charged with small relief frauds, it leaked out in case after case that the individuals had been punished twice for the same offence. In every instance they had been dealt with first at a secret court composed of members of the local Public Assistance committees.

This is especially disturbing because many magistrates, particularly stipendiaries, view with suspicion a large number of the charges of petty fraud which are brought against applicants for public assistance. More often than not there is no actual or deliberate fraud. Mis-statements made in claims are frequently due either to ignorance or to the mental strain imposed on everyone who has to undergo the ordeal of the Means Test inquisition.

These secret tribunals have not so far usurped the power to imprison the people they condemn without trial. They fine them, however, on a scale which would appal the sternest magistrate—and recover the fines by stopping the payment of relief wholly or in part for a period of weeks.

One stipendiary, Mr. J. J. Bowen Davies, K.C., of Merthyr, has already put his foot down. The existence of the illegal courts first became known to him when two unemployed men were charged



"Who gave you permission to usurp the power of the Bench?"

with not having revealed to the relieving officer the fact that they had obtained a few shillings by a chance job which they took as an opportunity to provide boots for their children.

Almost accidentally, it emerged that only a few days previously the Public Assistance committee, sitting as a secret court, had illegally fined both men the equivalent of eight weeks' relief. And now the committee asked Mr. Bowen Davies to increase the punishment by sending the men to jail. Of course he refused.

Most astounding of all the evidence that is coming out about the activities of these self-constituted courts is an event that occurred at West Hartlepool a few days ago.

There appeared before the magistrates in that town an unemployed man, named Robert Horsley, drawing public assistance, who was charged with stealing 3½d. worth of potatoes from a field. He was taking home the potatoes to his family for food when he was stopped because his pocket was seen to be bulging.

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Horsley implored the chairman of the magistrates to deal with him leniently, both because of his pitiable domestic circumstances in consequence of long unemployment and the fact that he had already been very severely punished.

"What do you mean?" demanded the magistrate.

The chairman and his colleagues seemed dumbfounded at the explanation given by the man. It was that he had already been charged

in front of a Public Assistance committee, found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of 10s., which was ordered to be taken from his future relief in four weekly instalments of 2s. 6d. each!

It was a heavy penalty to have to pay, because Horsley was only obtaining the minimum amount of relief, and a loss of 2s. 6d. a week means one meal less a day in a home where there is unemployment.

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The magistrates were incredulous until, bit by bit, they dragged out confirmation of the man's statement from the Public Assistance representatives in court.

Without hesitation the Bench refused to entertain further consideration of the charge, denounced the illegal tribunal and its sentence and declared that action would be taken with regard to the illegality of its proceedings.

A meeting of the Public Assistance committee was called hurriedly. It decided to brook no interference from the magistrates and refused to revoke the sentence it had passed on the unemployed man.

This is a challenge, not only to the whole judiciary, but to the Minister of Health. Will he countenance continuance of these secret and illegal courts? They will be wiped out if he orders the Public Assistance Committee of West Hartlepool to refund to Robert Horsley the unlawful fine imposed upon him.

The Minister's duty is clear. Let its performance be quick

Wanted: A Shop Assistants' Charter

Fourteen in Three Rooms New Shock for Our "Reds"

A NEW blow is being struck at one of the worst evils in Britain to-day—the starvation wages and disgracefully long hours endured by tens of thousands of shop assistants.

This latest attack is confined to the grocery trade. But it will, we think, succeed in bringing the whole problem into the limelight.

It is sponsored by leading grocery firms all over the kingdom, who are determined to force the unscrupulous employers in their business to observe decent standards.

Their demand

They are demanding a Trade Board to regulate wages and working conditions. How necessary is this step may be judged by a few typical instances:

A grocery assistant of twenty-one is earning 15s. A manager gets £2 for a sixty-one hour week. A woman cashier, handling £500 a week, receives 25s. A manageress in the West Country gets only 15s.; some of her assistants start at half-a-crown a week!

Tyranny

And these, it must be remembered, are not isolated cases. They are typical of the conditions which force thousands of good workers to live well below the poverty line, of the tyranny which drives them to despair.

But, unfortunately, they are common in all branches of the distributive trades. Many a housewife, giving her orders across the shop counter, would be appalled if the assistant, obeying a sudden impulse, revealed his or her working conditions.

We have so often quoted examples of atrocious payment and over-long hours in various types of shop that we need not enlarge on the subject.

But it cannot be emphasised too often that there is not a single law which attempts to regulate the employment of adult assistants. The Shops Act of 1934 is concerned only with the hours of workers under the age of eighteen.

What must be done

We hope, therefore, that the Minister of Labour, Mr. Ernest Brown, will do more than give sympathetic consideration to the grocery employers' demand. We hope he will no longer delay in framing a comprehensive measure that will become the 'Shop Assistants' Charter.' He might do worse than remember the recent proposal of Lord Stanley of Alderley that all employers paying less than the cost of living should have to notify the local employment exchange.

A previous attempt to blacklist the "starvation-mongers" was contemptuously rejected by Parliament as a "bad joke." If Mr. Brown shirks action on this important issue he will prove himself the worst of bad jokes.

As you were

The report of the Arms Commission will be issued when Parliament re-assembles.

It counts for little, of course. The Government has already prejudged its findings and given out £100,000,000 worth of arms contracts to private firms.

As we've remarked before, our rulers are too scared of vested interests to put the Merchants of Death under State Control.

Conscription crusade

Be prepared to hear certain Conservative M.P.s openly urging conscription.

First, they want compulsory military service for the workless. "No Army service—no dole" is their motto.

After that, they would extend it to all youths under twenty for a year. But they'll be unlucky.

Fourteen in three rooms

Sir Kingsley Wood's anti-overcrowding crusade might well begin at Walsall.

A boy charged there is one of a family of fourteen living in a three-roomed house. His mother says the sanitary authorities have measured the place three times, but no further action has been taken, though she has been on the



What a surprise for them if they knew of the shop assistant's slavery!

waiting list for a decent house since 1932.

It isn't a question of money, as there is over £7 going into the home.

Wonderful Walsall Corporation!

Black eyes for "Reds"

Communists will get another snub at the Labour Party's conference next month. And there may be details of Moscow pay-sheets produced if they try to deny who are their masters.

The Labour Party, like the T.U.C., says, "We are a British movement. We want to work out our problems on British lines."

That will ultimately gain them votes, even if they lose the support of a few extremists.

New blood wanted

At last the Home Office listens to the Lord Chief Justice (and JOHN BULL). It does well to insist upon younger magistrates for juvenile courts.

Many of our aged magistrates should be in homes not courts.

In future, let us hope, there will be more justice for the young and less harshness.

Leniency

Now read these two astounding cases concerning grown-up offenders.

Before the Ascot justices appears a man who caught wild birds by means of mouse-traps set in his apple trees. Evidence is given of one bird thus trapped screaming in its agony, while the accused made no effort to release it. He is fined £1, with 21s. costs.

At Salisbury, a man who blinds a cow in one eye is bound over on payment of 25s. costs.

If this sort of leniency doesn't sicken you, you must have a stomach of iron.

Breakdown in the air

We cannot find a grain of excuse for the disorganisation existing on the Imperial Airways service between Brindisi and Alexandria.

This is a vital link in our air routes to the East, to Australia and to Africa. Yet there is only one seaplane capable of doing this stretch of sea in all weathers. When this plane breaks down, passengers are seriously delayed. Public money is given to subsidise air

transport, and the public has a right to expect the utmost efficiency on so important a line of communication.

Charity be hanged!

We're sorry but not surprised that a number of Manchester's unemployed centres may have to close down for lack of funds.

Councillor A. P. Simon deplors the absence of public support. But, frankly, we don't see why these centres should have to depend on private charity.

Does anyone, except a Cabinet Minister?

No surprise

The shipowners are loudly defending the eighty-four-hour week for navigating officers. Naturally!

Most of the owners are prepared to defend any scandal in the Mercantile Marine. And the Board of Trade is quite prepared to wink at them.

Unguarded coasts

Again, experts declare the coastguard force to be quite inadequate for its work—the protection of 5,000 miles of coastline. The experts are right.

The present force comprises only about 800 men. It was cut down for "economy"—local volunteers, rewarded with a pittance if they save any lives, being enrolled to make up the deficiency.

With no regular patrol of dangerous areas, they are often unable to sight vessels in distress and supply help in time to save the crews. But the Board of Trade doesn't seem to worry.

Typhoid epidemic

Following our references to the typhoid epidemic at Bournemouth we have been overwhelmed with letters from returned holiday-makers and others, in many parts of the country, congratulating us on our outspokenness.

Some of the letters are from parents whose children are among the victims of the scourge. Our sympathy goes out to them, and we agree with their justifiable demand for a full investigation into this grave scandal.

Gas charges

As we expected, too, indignant letters pour into our offices regarding the gas flare-up in South London. The new sliding scale of the South Met. Gas Co.

means that small consumers will pay more, big consumers less. In our view, the criticism that old-age pensioners, the unemployed and low-wage earners will have to subsidise those better off is justified.

If the company wishes to drive these people into the arms of the electricity companies, they could not choose a more effective method.

Bad news for grafters

There's welcome news for ratepayers. The Ministry of Health is reviewing the whole question of local council contracts; new regulations are to be laid down.

The necessity for this move is proved by our exposures of graft in many towns. At the moment it's far too easy for the corrupt councillor to line his pockets and escape detection.

Old clerical custom

Custom still comes before religion in many churches. Witness the Weymouth case of a praying woman being asked to leave because she was not wearing a hat.

She was a holiday-making stranger. But if regular churchgoers boycotted churches where such intolerance reigns there'd soon be an end of it.

Good riddance

Plans for ending Gretna Green marriage scandals will be laid before the Cabinet in a week or two.

Twenty-one days' notice will have to be given of every marriage, which will be registered with the authorities. This, it is believed, will stop "on the spur of the moment" weddings, curb the activities of bigamists who now find Gretna so convenient.

So passes another evil first attacked in these columns.

Brain-wave

Mr. A. W. S. Mitchell, of Inverness Place, London, W.2, has thought of it first. He has just launched a brand-new organisation named the Society to Promote Human Equality!

Minimum subscriptions of a shilling are being touted for all over the country. The more subscribers, the less equality. They will be poorer and the Society so much the richer.

Death traps

No doubt you've read of a man being found, bound hand and foot, in a disused pit shaft near Walsall. No doubt you know that all the industrial areas of the present are honeycombed with holes and deep pits no longer used.

But few people think of the death-traps in the mining areas of the past. Yet thousands of Cornish children are to-day risking their lives by picking blackberries which overhang pits half-hidden by blankets of brambles.

Why is it that the authorities allow the death-traps to be unprotected?

Bigotry

Extension of licensing hours on the occasion of wedding breakfasts is being refused in many districts. Excuse—that permission would create a precedent.

There is one other precedent we'd like to set up—a clean sweep of all the teetotal bigots from their seats of petty authority.

Education

By no means uncommon, worse luck, is the case of an eleven-year-old girl attending a Nottinghamshire school. Just failing to win a scholarship, she will have to remain in the top class of the elementary school for three years.

Save for arithmetic, her lessons will be constant repetition.

Yes, there's still a lot wrong with our education system.

We're glad

The public will be well rid of Philip Lloyd Causley, well-educated accountant, who was sentenced at the Old Bailey to five years' penal servitude for fraud.

His sentence also saves us some trouble. For on no fewer than five occasions have we had to issue a warning against his clever but crooked activities.

WHEN I was at the Home Office, I did my best, with the aid of the Prison Commissioners and the permanent officials there, to improve our prison system. I formed the opinion, to which I still adhere, that certain reforms are necessary, and some were made in my time.

But I am one of the first to deplore the wild allegations which are made from time to time by critics, generally people who have themselves been to jail for breaking the law, who suggest that English prisons are institutions incompetently run on heartless and even barbarous lines.

My attention has been drawn to a sensational new book entitled "Walls Have Mouths." It makes one of the most savage and insensate attacks on prison life that I have ever read.

The author is W. F. R. Macartney, an individual, I observe, who makes no secret of the fact that he recently emerged from Parkhurst Prison after serving a ten years' sentence on charges of espionage.

In an editorial preface to the book we are told that "the blood-red tape entanglements which protect our prisons should be powerless against the dreadful intimacy of this account of penal servitude in England to-day. Surely it must stir the public conscience to demand reform."

That it attacks me personally, in a very bitter fashion, I shall pass over. His assertion that I was the harshest and most unsympathetic of the five Home Secretaries who were in office during his stay in prison is too preposterous to be taken seriously.

I rely upon the verdict passed on my work as Home Secretary by my colleagues and by a critical House of Commons.

The Home Secretary is not a Court for settling questions of flogging, for example. There are fitting Tribunals for that. I reduced many flogging sentences, and as to Capital Punishment, I was the only Home Secretary who took a definite step towards its abolition.

★ ★ ★

The Commission which reported to me was, I am sorry to say, much divided, and we were turned out of office before anything could be done.

By help to the Prisoners' Aid Society, by visits to many prisons, and by efforts further to humanise administration, I did what I could.

It seems the general conclusion of aggrieved people that Home Secretaries and Ministers of State are always in the hands of their permanent officials. If that were true there never could have been the great progress which has in recent years been made in the direction of substantial improvement in prison conditions.

A prison is not, and never was intended to be, a convalescent home, and it is right and proper that men and women who are fairly sentenced to imprisonment should have to face appropriate punishment. The picture painted by Macartney, as a famous novelist admits in a preface, "leaps about from topic to topic" so that his work is marked by "a constant absence of any clear chronology." And it is a gross exaggeration of the true position.

He attacks practically every aspect of prison life. Prison officers are condemned, without any proof or corroboration, for brutality; and superior officials are arraigned for practising methods which breed brutality and corruption.

★ ★ ★

Macartney, in four hundred and forty pages of print, declares that prisoners are deliberately starved, or "fed down" for the purpose of making them easily amenable to brutal discipline. He alleges that flogging is common, and that unnatural offences are none too rare.

His "revelations" are so unjustified that I am not surprised to see that the publisher's legal advisers were very busy with their blue pencils on his original manuscript, and that whole passages in the printed version have been ruthlessly deleted.

Prisoners, according to him, are "terribly knocked about for imbecility." Officials, anxious to retain their posts, set out purposely to keep prisoners "in" as long as possible. Often, when a convict is due for release, he is put under special observation in order that, for further detention purposes, he can be certified insane.

Prison doctors, Macartney further avers, are, generally speaking, a callous and incompetent

I Denounce This BOOK

by the

Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES

former Home Secretary

band, ready always to "recommend" a prisoner for certification in an asylum.

The record under Macartney's name is one of misery and libel from beginning to end. He has scarcely a good word for anyone, or anything, concerned with our prison system.

Food in jail is "semi-starvation." Cocoa reeks with "boiling fat," and greenstuff is served up in an unwashed state. He goes so far as to say that he had better food in German prison camps during the war.

The jailers are sneaks; superior officers are mostly drawn from the ex-officer class who were unable to make good their careers in the Fighting Forces, and other officials are dubbed as "the scum of the scum."

"Unofficial tannings and barbarous practices" are frequent, while what he terms "excessive brutality" is freely indulged in. Assaults among prisoners and warders are common, and the general punishment meted out after such matters have been probed is flogging.

Macartney's references to flogging in jail, which he alleges is very prevalent, are absolutely revolting. He goes into every possible detail about corporal punishment, and I am really disgusted to think that he was ever able to get such outrageous allegations into print.

He makes the vilest accusations against prison officers, and deals at length with many matters that are too objectionable to be referred to here.

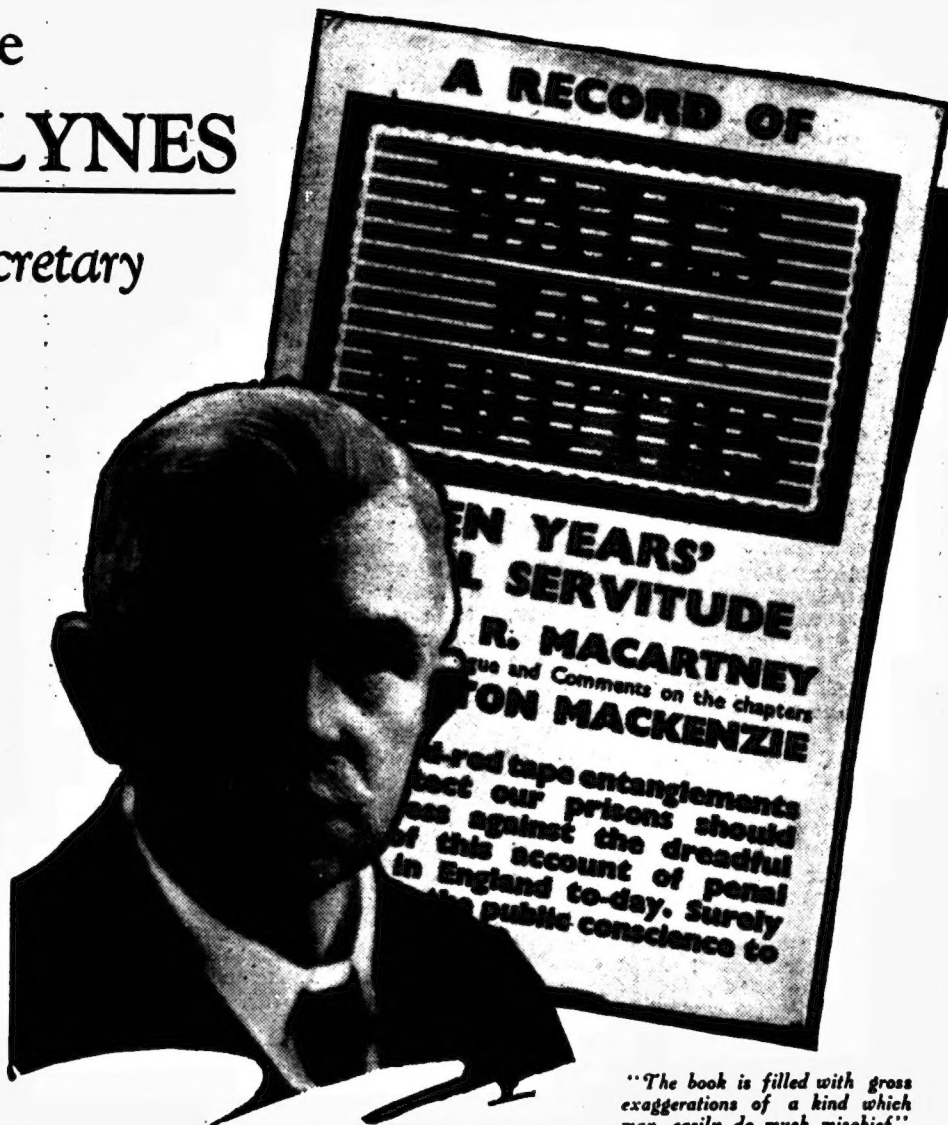
Bitter, too, are his uncorroborated statements concerning prison hospitals, where even the nursing staffs come in for a good deal of unjustified criticism. Further, among a number of other things, he alleges that Home Office visitors to jails (whose job it is to investigate grievances and report upon the position generally) are mostly biased. Convicts who complain, he says, are more or less automatically put on the report for insolence.

Though I recognise the need for prison reform, I am bound to say that Macartney's book is filled with gross exaggerations of a kind which may easily do much mischief.

★ ★ ★

The author of "Walls Have Mouths" even criticises some of the welfare and charitable institutions which have, with public support, endeavoured to obtain reforms which they feel are necessary in the prison system of to-day.

A lot has been done, as I have said already, in



"The book is filled with gross exaggerations of a kind which may easily do much mischief" says Mr. Clynes

the direction of reform. Mr. Macartney's book is silent about this important fact. Sir E. Ruggles-Brise, a great reformer, who conducted a prison commission years ago, recommended several improvements which have been gradually adopted.

The old, merciless "broad arrow" has gone; the degenerating "close crop" is no more. Valuable physical training has taken the place of the soul-destroying daily exercise which once consisted of prisoners walking round and round in monotonous procession.

★ ★ ★

There are better facilities for letter-writing; young offenders are given every chance to avoid becoming habitual criminals, and the hardest "old lag," if there is still any hope for reform, is helped morally and physically while he is in jail.

Information from the outside world about topical events is now imparted on a much wider scale, and several well-known specialists regularly see prisoners in the hope of giving them "mind treatment" as a crime cure.

Concerts, debates and lectures are all part of the improving prison routine, while both the cinematograph and radio are used to better the mental welfare of men in jail nowadays.

That is why there is a gradual drop in the number of prisons—and prisoners. There are only twenty-six jails to-day; a few years back there were fifty-six. Last year male prisoners were 3,000 less than in the previous year.

If progress is maintained on these lines, and I am sure it will be, the wishes of many Home Secretaries, of whom I was one, will be fulfilled.

That is why I feel it a duty to say that such a biased, sensational and ill-informed work as "Walls Have Mouths" is better left unread by all who have true progress at heart.

IN the midst of so much of which we as a nation can be ashamed, let us look for a moment on something of which we can be proud. . . .

In a few days time one of the finest pieces of social effort which any country has ever seen enters upon its thirty-third year of progress and achievement. It is the Workers' Educational Association.

At the same time as the young sons and daughters of the rich are thronging the colleges and streets of Oxford and Cambridge, 60,000 working men and women will be embarking on educational courses at one or other of the hundreds of classes which the W.E.A. will be organising all over the country.

Between the academic year at the great Universities and at the W.E.A. there are some likenesses—and some differences. With very few exceptions, the same subjects are taught, the length of the courses is the same, and the quality of the teaching is of equal standard.

The difference

The difference is in the pupils themselves, and the purposes for which they seek education. The first have come, for the most part, from the great public schools. They are on the threshold of life and they have come to the Universities to learn how to make a living.

The others have come from footplate and plough, from pit seam and weaving shed, from domestic toil and hard work, or any of the hundred other modes of existence. They are of mature age (average W.E.A. student is over thirty), and they come to the classes to learn how to live.

Note that last item of difference. It is important.

All the W.E.A. classes and courses are strictly non-vocational. They do not set out to make the student a better engine-driver or ploughman or a more efficient housewife. The subjects they teach, such as history, economics, the theory of politics, literature, drama, philosophy, etc., belong to the so-called "useless" categories.

What they set out to do is to give pure education to people who ordinarily would never have been able to afford it—to people who have had to leave an elementary school at fourteen to go out and earn a living.

Pure education, in the final issue, means knowing *how* to think. And that is why such an institution as the W.E.A. can only flourish in a democratic country. You will find no W.E.A.s in Germany, Italy—or even Russia, with all its social progress.

In those dictator-run countries the people are told only *what* to think. An output of 60,000 workers a year with a trained and critical intelligence would be a dictator's nightmare.

Only in one other foreign country has the W.E.A. plan taken hold, and that is Scandinavia; another democratic country, France, is just beginning—this year.

What it means

But even in this country the W.E.A. has had to fight and triumph over an enormous amount of official opposition during its thirty years' progress from one branch and one student class to five hundred branches and thousands of classes. Official blessings were given with one hand and help taken away with the other. Suspicion and disbelief attended all its early efforts.

For think what an average W.E.A. tutorial class means.

The student, a working man or woman, must agree to attend the class one night a week for 24 weeks a year and keep that up for three years. The class lasts for two hours, of which one hour is a lecture and the other discussion. The student must pledge himself to take part in the discussion, to read a prescribed number

of books and to do a certain amount of writing.

The tutor is either a University professor or a teacher with similar high academic attainments and expert knowledge of the particular subject.

After perhaps lecturing to undergraduates during the day, he must re-frame his material so that it can be assimilated by people who have left school many years before, whose bodies and minds are tired through a day's arduous toil, and whose education has rarely proceeded beyond the three R's. They must be willing and able to bend their minds to a University type of lecture and carry out the work demanded.

The W.E.A. tutorial classes are so devised that at the end of the three years the student will have reached a University Honours standard in the particular subject.

Is it any wonder that there was distrust and incredulity by many authorities and officials about the project.

The common attitude was: "You can't do it. The working man doesn't want this type of education. If he did, how can you expect a man who has got up at 6 a.m. and spent the day labouring for his bread down in, say, the hot darkness of the coal face, to spend hours at night reading and writing and to travel perhaps many miles to the nearest weekly class?"

And there was the concluding argument—the old attitude of the "haves" against the "have-nots"—"If all these things are possible, are they desirable? Is an educated working class a 'good thing'?"

The answer to all that is the 700 tutorial classes which will be running all over Britain this autumn. And it is also to be found in the list of achievements of its students which is kept by the W.E.A.

Service first

There are hundreds of past students who are now engaged on social and governmental work of which they would have been incapable before, helping in their way on countless institutions, committees and councils to make the lot of their neighbours and comrades easier and this country a better place to live in.

Since all the stress in W.E.A. teaching is laid on service, on enlarging the horizons of working people by education, it is not very ready to give examples of working-class students who have won academic distinction through the courses. They are many, but the W.E.A. seems to be proud of them only when they come back "into the pool"—when they have passed on through the great Universities and then, with their honours thick upon them, have come back to serve as officials and lecturers where they were once students.

But a few can be mentioned. Among them is Irving, who, a few years back, was working at the bench in a Tyneside engineering shop. From the W.E.A. classes he got a scholarship to Cambridge and took First Class Honours in anthropology. For some years he held appointments abroad, doing field work in this science.

Now he is back in the movement. He is the youth organiser for the North—a new plan created by the W.E.A. for reaching the youths in their 'teens and early twenties, many of whom are human material drifting to waste through unemployment and lack of object.

Another who is back is Penrose. From being a working-man student at the W.E.A. he passed, by way of scholarships, to being a professor at other Universities and colleges. Economics is his subject, and he is a world authority on this science. Among other things, he has written the standard textbook on Japanese industrial conditions and finance. At one time he held a teaching post in a great Japanese college.

Yet another back "in the pool" is the present tutor-organiser for the W.E.A. in the Cannock Chase mining

AN EPIC STORY of HIGH ENDEAVOUR

60,000
Get Their

district. He was a baker. On night work most of his working life, and with a small one-man business to run, he yet managed to take the W.E.A. literature course, and, from their scholarships, went to Cambridge. His wife carried on the business for him while he was an undergraduate. They must have had enormous confidence and an equally huge struggle to live during his years at Cambridge. But he came through with a brilliant degree.

Here are a few more W.E.A. attain-

The old, and the new—
The street corner used to
be the only available
place for working folk to
discuss their problems
and theories. . . .





"SECOND

Chance'

But, through the W.E.A., the scene has changed to properly equipped rooms, laboratories . . . they have their own "universities"

ments in brief—all of them taken from the present year:

A Sheffield steel-works clerk. Fought way to Oxford at thirty-one. First Class Honours after two years at New College and a post-graduate scholarship.

A Scots farm labourer, who took up higher mathematics at W.E.A. classes. From there to St. Andrews and thence to Cambridge. Just graduated with First Class Honours and a Research Fellowship.

A domestic servant from Durham, aged twenty-five. She attended the classes during five years while she was in service. The other day she won an All-England examination in social science and economics, carrying with it a bursary of £400. She is to continue study at London University and abroad.

A thirty-one-year-old Yorkshire miner, another W.E.A. student, is at Oxford this term studying political theory and economics.

But all the beauty and the drama in this great work of the W.E.A.'s is in the students themselves—in the struggles and the trials surmounted to achieve their "second chance" to get this larger life which real education affords.

Some time ago Professor Heath, of Swansea, and Mr. W. E. Williams, of the British Institute of Adult Education, commenced a nation-wide survey of the work of the W.E.A. They interviewed hundreds of tutors and students and sent out thousands of questionnaires.

Inspiring

Broadly speaking, they wanted to know why these working people embarked upon the classes and what were the conditions under which they studied. The answers they received from these people, in the humanity and in the consistent nobility of spirit which they showed, form one of the most moving and inspiring social documents of our day.

Here are a few, taken at random from

many thousands. First, some of the motives which led to joining the classes:

"I thought that I could be developed into a more understanding, and therefore intelligently useful, human. I used often to listen to the idealism of a miner friend who had his eyes on the heavens and his feet in the muck. I looked back often upon our returning from the pit, in the early dawn of summer mornings, talking our way to a finer and higher economic and industrial and social world. . . ."

New interest

A similar feeling—of dissatisfaction and a need for knowledge—is expressed in other letters: "With nothing but hard work and less than the real necessities of life, I felt that there was something wrong with the system. . . . I wanted to learn the 'why and the wherefore' of this system. . . ."

"I had a vague knowledge that I might be able to do some good in the world if I educated myself. Trying like a frog to be bigger, I suppose, but trying to enlarge my own sympathies and appreciations—which I have learned is the better kind of enlargement."

One man joined because "it gives one other interest than purely money-making. While to be an efficient workman is a great thing, to be an efficient man is a greater."

With many the motive was an antidote to grinding toil: "It enables one to forget the worries of a machine-minder and gives a background to the daily monotony."

"It creates a state of mind which can be at rest without a toy."

"I needed a kind of education that brings no profit in the usual sense, but which puts a new vitamin in my diet."

And now, listen to some of the conditions, the difficulties of these working

people who assail the larger world of learning.

"Had to travel five miles in order to attend the tutorial class and usually walked it. Lost 7s. 6d. a week in wages to attend these classes."

"I walked two miles to the class—class being held on Friday evenings, after a hard week's work, often very late and long hours, and the weather bad. . . . One was tempted to stay at home from sheer exhaustion sometimes. This, however, was rare, even if one fell asleep in the class during the lecture."

The body often fails the miner and other workers attending the classes after a hard day's toil: "I do a nine-hour day at the bench from 7.30 to 5.30. When I set out for the class I look forward to it and am in good spirits. But very often I get, not exactly drowsy, but a bit thick. I miss points here and there; I haven't a continuous grasp of the discussion. . . ."

"I remember arriving at the class wearing clogs, and washing when I arrived there. It was hard to keep awake. I sometimes closed my eyes; this was when we were working long days, but I heard it all."

Difficulties

No "cutting lectures" there. Consider, too, the home study conditions of many of these people. No warm, well-lit libraries for them:

"In winter, I sat in the bathroom with my arms round the cistern."

"Seven of us at home, all coming and going from the mines in different shifts. One room to work in, and all of us in it."

"I had to work in an atmosphere of drink and unhappiness. Couldn't study long. Had to be peacemaker for all."

There are touches of rueful humour

in some of these descriptions of home study conditions: "Every married man finds his wife grumble at his making home into an academy."

"Am fairly comfortable. Nice warm fire in winter. In summer the garden. Apart from this, I have some amount of worry from an old uncle who has periodical fits of delusions."

And from a working man who has set up his widowed mother in a little general shop. After his day's work, he studies and attends the shop which is in the front part of the house: "I have to keep walking from the kitchen to the shop at intervals, which prevents me from really getting down to it."

His letter reminds one of that old music-hall ballad, of the man who was always being interrupted when he was getting down to something else—with its refrain of "Somebody would shout out, 'Shop!'"

And yet they do go on, this man and his 60,000 fellow students. They do get down to it, in spite of these conditions, and others worse. There is, for instance, this letter which we must quote, as a last example, because of its very greatness.

After drudgery

The woman who wrote it is a labourer's wife. She is fifty-two years of age and had no "schooling" at all. She had ten children, eight of them born in eight consecutive years. Her husband was "a bigoted enemy of books and learning," holding that a woman who had a liking for reading was a good-for-nothing. "I had the greatest difficulty in getting a book from the public library into the house."

When her tenth child was in its 'teens she made an attempt to revive interests which had been submerged in the long years of drudgery and child-bearing. She says: "When I went back to church, after so many years' absence, I found I was like a coal that has fallen out of the fire into the grate. My religion was as dead as a cinder. I tried hard to get back some of the enthusiasm I had felt for the church when I was younger, but it was no good."

She went on and found various other movements, and lastly, the W.E.A. In the last ten years she has studied psychology, economics, music and, above all, geography. "In fancy, I have always been a great traveller."

She kept up her persistent struggle for knowledge, in spite of the hostility of her husband. Her motive was, as she puts it simply, "Education has helped me to see life from a very different standpoint. But I had no idea that it could serve any other purpose than to make me a more intelligent citizen."

First results

What her quest cost this labourer's wife—what her husband's hostility meant, is expressed in the last paragraph of her letter: "I stayed away from the Guild to please him—which it did not. I stayed away from the Women's Section of the Labour Party. I did not give up the W.E.A. If I had, he would not have been any more pleased. I did do what I could to make him feel differently—but it was no use."

The British Institute of Adult Education has just published the results of its first survey into the conditions of work of these W.E.A. students. And well does it say of many of them, such as this labourer's wife, that they are the counterparts of Bunyan's great picture of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth:

"Though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now do I not repent me of, all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My Sword I give to him, that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and Scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles. . . . So he passed over, and the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

"THE BUSH ENGINEERS DESERVE

**a pat
on the
back"**

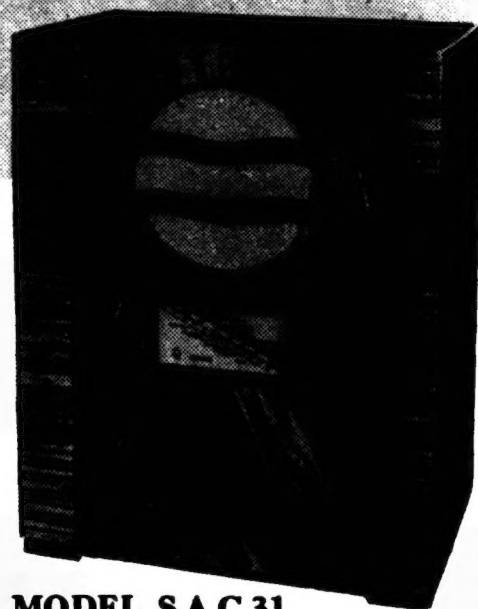
says
**CHRISTOPHER
STONE**



ALTHOUGH I'm afraid my technical knowledge of radio is limited, I was very impressed by the appearance of "the works" of these new Bush receivers. These Bush designers certainly make a business-like job.

The model S.A.C.31 for instance seems to me a splendid example of the "all-round" Set; the sort that can always be relied upon to give everything you can wish for from Home and Continental Stations. Incidentally, the Variable Selectivity feature merits your special attention. It is an extremely practical and helpful device which you must try out to appreciate fully.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

You're the Scapegoat, Sir Frederick

DEAR SIR FREDERICK.—It is difficult for me to find words to express my indignation at the scurvy way you have been treated.

The Royal Veterinary College owes more to you than to any man living. Since 1927 you have controlled the College with honour to yourself and distinction to the foundation.

Largely due to your personal efforts, funds amounting to £250,000 were collected to permit complete reconstruction of those old, dilapidated college buildings in Camden Town, London.

Without Sir Frederick Hobday, Principal and Dean, there would be no new Royal Veterinary College ready for opening next year.

And the thanks you receive! Your resignation forced by a majority of the College board of governors on the score that you "do not possess the administrative ability necessary to the Principal of the Royal Veterinary College."

In my opinion a preposterous assertion, unwarranted by the facts.

* * *

There is, I know, far more in this sorry business than appears on the surface, and it is only right that the public should have full information.

So I will reveal the truth. Certain irregularities were discovered in one of the College offices. Money amounting to about £300 had—well, just gone.

Naturally there was an enquiry into this loss, as the result of which a reorganised business side of the College was recommended.

I understand that the Ministry of Agriculture suggested that a continuation of the annual Government grant to the College would be dependent on this reorganisation.

* * *

You as the academic head of the College could not be expected to be held responsible for what had happened in a routine business office. Yet some of the governors attempted to saddle you with that responsibility because you were the Principal.

Again I say preposterous, and I am glad to know you insisted on an admission that you were neither morally nor legally to blame for what had taken place.

Perhaps there are people who think that Sir Frederick Hobday, Principal and Dean of the Royal Veterinary College, has taken too much of the limelight. Of course, they are foolishly wrong.

At least you have the satisfaction of knowing that the veterinary profession, as well as the general public, is behind you.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, Churt

DEAR MR. LLOYD GEORGE.—I am amazed—yes, and shocked—at your defence of the Nazi régime.

I did not expect so great a Radical to explain Hitler's barbaric persecution of the Jews on the score that Germany is frightened of the wicked Bolsheviks. It is disconcerting to find that you were not dismayed, on your recent tour, by the concentration camps, suppression of free speech, the servile bondage of an entire nation.

I fear you are losing touch.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, Government Adviser

DEAR SIR WILLIAM.—You've given us all a cold douche by your warning that unemployment must be expected to go up before long and to reach at least 2,200,000 within a few years.

Following so quickly upon the statement of Mr. Alan Pindley, T.U.C. chairman, that industry is in for another severe slump, it is a warning which must be heeded.

You do not, I know, favour public



Enforced resignation—the thanks he gets for a job well done

works. But is it not better to spend money on keeping a man busy than on keeping him in demoralising idleness?

If only you impressed this view upon the Government you would, I am convinced, be rendering the country a real service.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. HAROLD WILSON, Redruth, Cornwall

DEAR SIR.—You are perfectly right in saying that much of the Old Testament is unsuitable and some quite unfit for children in Sunday schools.

The glorification of revenge, blood-thirsty ideas of justice, and the rejoic-

Ll. G.'s Bouquet for Hitler—Two Million Workless Again?—Barbarism in the Bible—The Widow's Good Samaritan

ings over the annihilation of neighbouring nations may be read with approval by dictators and their supporters, but as lessons for the guidance of budding citizens of more civilised nations they are utterly wrong.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. Duff-Cooper, Minister for War

DEAR MR. DUFF-COOPER.—Not before time, the War Office is rapped over the knuckles by the Select Committee on Estimates concerning the cost of training cavalry and artillery officers.

It is astounding to learn that the average yearly cost is £1,161 per student.

"Clearly excessive," says the committee. Clearly idiotic, in my view. Why, in this age of mechanised warfare, is £50,000 of public money wasted each year on teaching horsemanship?

JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Liverpool

GENTLEMEN.—The erection of a social club for boys and girls on one of your rehousing estates is a start in the right direction, but what of the needs of their parents?

Intercourse with friends and neighbours was one of the most treasured amenities of dwellers in congested areas.

To leave them to their own devices in the long winter evenings is to condemn them to an undeserved state of boredom.

Why not clubs for men and women?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. te WATER, High Commissioner for South Africa

DEAR SIR.—Latest of the 40,000 emigrants who have returned in despair from South Africa is a colonel's widow who settled on a Natal farm with £3,000 and for seven years fought against hopeless conditions.

A few weeks ago a returned settler

committed suicide in London, having lost every penny of his capital. A few days earlier another Briton killed himself in the land to which he had gone with such high hopes.

So the mournful tale goes on. Is it not time your Government gave a square deal to those whom it tempts to leave the Mother Country?

JOHN BULL.

Councillor Rev. A. C. TRANTER, Egham

REV. SIR.—I am touched by your story of the poor widow who has aged ten to fifteen years in looks through a continuous fight to save her home for her children.

Above all, I admire you for offering to pay her arrears of rent to save her from ejection.

I shall not congratulate the town council on heeding your Good Samaritan plea, for it would have been inhuman to have done otherwise.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. J. TEMPLETON, National Farmers' Union

DEAR CAPTAIN.—"One of the gravest problems facing farmers," you say, "is that of over-production of milk."

Think again. In your own county of Glamorgan there are thousands of mothers and children who cannot obtain sufficient milk. The farmer's problem is every man's problem—that of increasing consumption.

Try to get "workhouse economics" out of your head.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. E. HIGHTON, Secretary, Dept. of Health, Scotland

DEAR SIR.—I must bring to your attention the state of affairs at Niddrie Mains, Edinburgh's largest housing estate.

In this town of ten thousand people there is not a single resident doctor and only one nurse.

Recently, when a woman collapsed after teeth extraction it was only the kindness of a shopkeeper, who lent a car to take her to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, which prevented serious consequences. That was after Portobello, where the nearest doctor lives, had been 'phoned in vain.

Can nothing be done to remedy this position?

JOHN BULL.

Temperamental Towser

I WISH I knew what I could do for Fido!
I never could have pictured such a change

In a dog: the little chappie is as mooping and unhappy as he was when, long ago, he had the mange.

Of late he's practically ceased from barking.

Or merely does so in a minor tone; He reveals a melancholic Mien when his companions frolic, And he turns with languid loathing from a bone!

Poor Fido has, I fear, acquired a complex. There's something quite neurotic in his eye.

And his tail, once always wagging—Now is sorrowful and sagging—Can it be the poor pet's love life's gone awry?

If Fido's were an isolated case it might be attributed to blighted affection, errors of diet, or sheer canine cussedness. But, unfortunately, his condition is more or less typical.

"Dogs nowadays," Mr. H. Raynor Hewatson told the National Veterinary Medical Association, "are more neurotic than their ancestors," partly because "the noise and bustle around them has increased beyond belief." Dogs, in fact, are among the victims of the strain of modern life.

Few realise what a sturdy, independent



dog—one not content merely to draw a dole from humans—is up against in a competitive age. The growth of the canine population and the introduction of the covered garbage bin have alike intensified the struggle for existence.

There was a time when a dog that had located a speakeasy where illicit bones were obtainable was able to keep the racket to himself.

But nowadays he never knows when some canine gangster from an adjoining district will come knocking in on his territory.

Then, as Mr. Hewatson says, there is noise. Instead of the friendly crack of a coachman's whip, which once warned him to get out of the way when discussing the food supply problem with a friend in the middle of the road, Towser is now terrified by an electric horn that sounds as if the ghost of the hound of the Baskervilles is on his track.

Even when at home he cannot escape

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

from the noise of somebody's master's voice on the wireless and is liable to be driven out into the night by a callous crooner, when he had hoped to spend a quiet evening by the fireside in the company of his fleas.

What makes matters worse is that Towser himself is not the lad he used to be. Rigid control of breeding, Mr. Hewatson tells us, is gradually eliminating the sturdy mongrel and developing dogs with a sensitive nervous system at the expense of physical stamina.

Oh, where are the dogs of the old brigade. The mongrels that once we knew?

You couldn't have traced their pedigree. Their births were shrouded in mystery. And their blood was far from blue!

But they did not suffer from petit-mal And had never heard of nerves: Though experts have ne'er on their class agreed.

At least they were not of the streamlined breed. All temperament and curves!

They worried the cat and they hunted fleas

And they barked at birds and frogs. And, though all polish and grace they lacked, They made firm friends, for they were, in fact,

Just ordin'ry doggy dogs!

Y. Z



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afternoon, Mrs. Tolman, and see the new wardrobe from Littlewood's. It's lovely!"

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I INVITE YOU

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This Neurotic Age

by A.G.
Gardiner

TWO events of the last week have directed attention to the ailment that is supposed to be the peculiar affliction of life to-day. I will deal with the concrete event first.

In sentencing a man to ten years' penal servitude for the attempted murder of his wife, Mr. Justice Greaves-Lord denounced the "sloppy thinking" which encouraged "the idea that any human being has the right to determine his destiny, or that of others, because the facts of life are inconvenient."

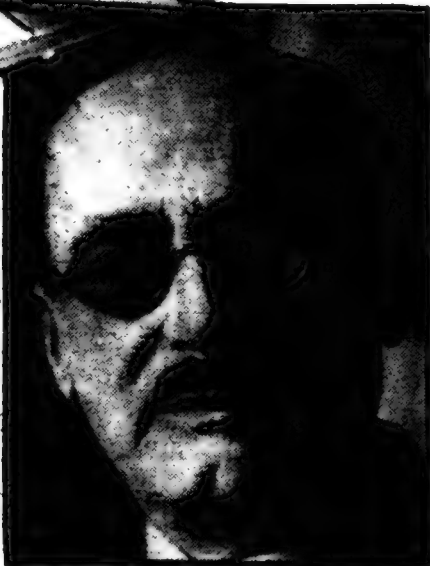
The case with which he was dealing illustrated that mental strain and neurotic tendency which are so common a feature of modern life.

The man attempted to kill his wife, first by an overdose of aspirin and then with the help of a hammer, not because he was angry with her, but because he was so fond of her that he could not bear the thought that she should live in uncomfortable circumstances.

HE was an educated man who had fallen into financial difficulties, and to save his wife the misery of the future that threatened the household he (as he thought) killed her and then went out and gave himself up to the police.

There seems to have been no doubt of the sincere and mutual affection of the two people, and the fact that the man decided to kill his wife rather than himself was due to the consideration that his suicide would only add to the

The attempted wife-murder charge, dealt with by Mr. Justice Greaves-Lord (above) is an incident typical of the strain of modern life dealt with recently by Lord Horder (right).



distress from which he sought to deliver her.

The incident is typical of that strain of civilisation which was the subject of Lord Horder's gloomy diagnosis before the British Association.

The strain of living is not a new experience. Life has always been a tough proposition—a mingled yarn, good and ill together. It was not a modern, but a very ancient writer who said "Man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upward."

And there is not a page in the history of mankind that is not stained with the blood and tears, as well as lit up with the joys of those who have made the pilgrimage between the two eternities.

But it is a strange paradox that the richer life becomes the more severe is the mental strain that it involves. If we could put ourselves back a hundred years and imagine the miracles of science that have been achieved in the interval we should suppose that the accomplishment of those miracles would make us all "as happy as kings."

Never was the world stuffed with such an abundance of good things as it is to-day. Never did it bring forth such increase. Never were the satisfactions of the body so plentiful, or the pleasures of the mind so accessible to all. In the last fifty years we have witnessed a greater and more beneficial revolution in the material conditions of life than any thousand years before have accomplished.

That sounds an extravagant statement, but I venture to say that in the mechanism of life we have registered an advance since Victoria came to the throne vastly greater than that made between the Norman Conquest and the accession of Victoria.

And yet if we ask ourselves whether human society is happier, more contented with its lot or more tenacious of living, we are bound to admit with Lord Horder that the answer, as they say in Parliament, is in the negative.

THE more civilised we become in a material sense the more sick we seem to become in a spiritual sense. The primitive savage clung to life with a fierce passion proportioned to its

difficulties, but the modern generation, with all those difficulties smoothed away, tends to doubt whether life is worth living at all, and still more whether it is worth passing on to future generations.

What is the meaning of this social ailment, this fall in the barometer of the human spirit? It is not confined to this country. It is apparent in all countries, especially in the most civilised

countries. It is expressed in a nervous tension, a tendency to panic and hysteria, an alternation between a shallow levity and an equally shallow pessimism.

It is not driven away by comfortable conditions: indeed, it is much more marked among the prosperous than among the unprosperous. You will be more sensible of "nerves" in the West End of London than you will be in the black patches of industrial England.

In his diagnosis of the ailment Lord Horder stresses many of the obvious causes of the mental strain of modern civilised life. The pace at which we

live has become excessive. We have given up the worship of the saints and have fallen to the worship of the film stars of the Great God Speed. The precariousness of life in the streets has become so great that "we seem to live by accident rather than to die by it." The monotony and drabness of machine labour, the exciting nature of our amusements, and noise, "needless, stupid, provocative, ill-mannered, selfish noise"—all these increase the nervous tension.

Perhaps Lord Horder comes nearer the heart of the trouble when he speaks of the "anxiety connected with the competition of living" and "the increasing sense of international insecurity." It is the fear of life and the uncertainty of the future that intensify the mental strain of living.

These things have never been so oppressive as they are to-day. War was always terrible, but it used to be waged by professional armies and could be localised. It did not convulse the world. But to-day it sucks us all into its vortex, and the fear that at any moment the life of each and all of us may be shattered by external catastrophe breeds a feeling of insecurity quite new in the experience of mankind.

And under this feeling that we live in a world always trembling on the brink of catastrophe, the tendency is to live feverishly in the moment and to despair of the future. Can it be doubted that the dread of war caused by the experience of the Great War is largely responsible for that limitation of births which threatens the white civilisation with a devastating decline?

IT is possible, of course, that the mental strain from which we are suffering will relax with time. The new pace and complexity of life have come with a suddenness to which the older generation cannot adjust itself. The pace cannot be slackened, but the new generation will create, indeed is creating, a new technique of living that will relieve the mental strain and restore the equilibrium that, we may hope, has only temporarily been lost.

And there is another point to which little reference was made at the British Association, but which is of capital moment. The ailment is essentially spiritual. The religious motive has gone out of our lives, leaving a void that only a wind of the spirit can fill. "Our hands are full, but our hearts are empty, and empty hearts make an empty world." The strain of civilisation will only be lifted when we have recovered spiritual repose.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

IF you look back through the pages of history you can pick out, without any difficulty, a number of men and women you would unhesitatingly label "genius." You might even pick out one or two in the modern world, though that would be more difficult because it's always easier to judge a person's real quality when time has thrown a critical light on their achievements—or look of achievements.

All sorts of people have defined genius. It has been called "an infinite capacity for taking pains." It has been said "there is no genius without a mixture of madness." One writer said that "genius is only patience," another that "genius must be born and can never be taught."

Emerson said that "when Nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it." A Frenchman said that "doing easily what others find difficult is talent! doing what is impossible for talent is genius." But much nearer the root of the matter was the man who said that "Genius is the power of lighting one's own fire."

For while genius may be all these things, there is certainly one quality that genius must have if it is to be genius—and that is an infinite capacity for taking chances. No genius was ever a mental or moral coward.

Lots of people who have been labelled "genius" have been people who saw opportunities where their fellows only saw difficulties. They have been men who said, "Let's have a go," while everyone else said "Impossible!" They have been people who acted while everyone else stood aside.

For, on the whole, genius is specific. If we call a man a genius, he is usually a genius in some special direction. He's not an all-round superman. Look at Napoleon, Sir Christopher Wren, Wagner, Henry Ford, Marconi—pick where you like and you'll find they haven't dissipated their energies. They've concentrated all their powers along one special channel.

And you'll find something else—that the genius is usually a pioneer, usually ahead of his time, usually fighting "public opinion"—or ignoring it—because he's more far-sighted and more courageous than the rest.

An intelligent study of genius is both interesting and stimulating. It makes us feel that although history may never label us such, there is nothing to stop us trying to make it!



**OUT
of the
RUT**

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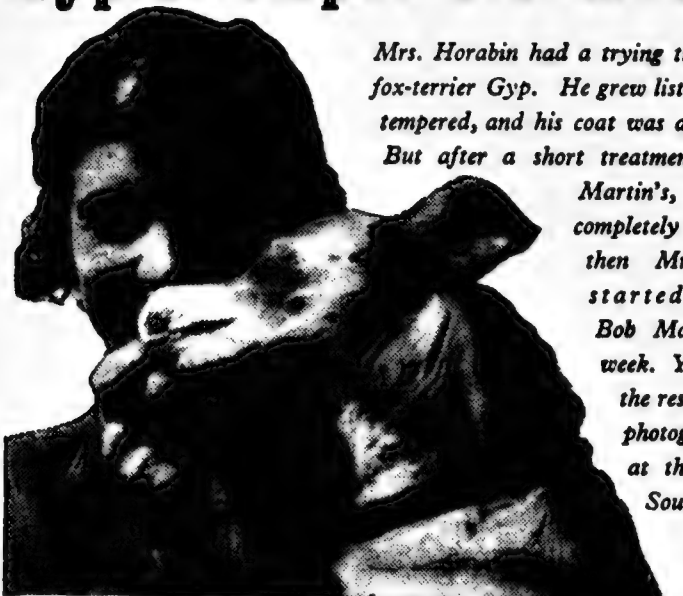
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'listless, sulky dog... Gyp's temper alarmed us'



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WHY GYP WAS POORLY



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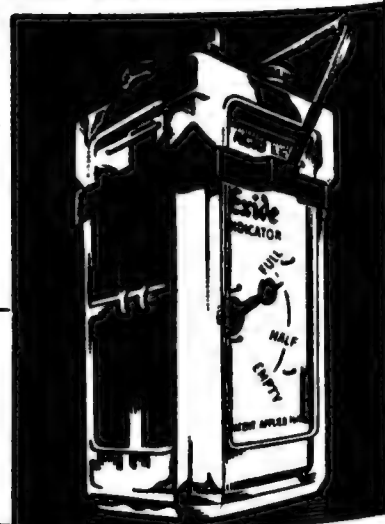
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"Pretty grim" was the King's comment on housing conditions in certain areas, when his well-known interest in slum clearance work drew him to the Building Exhibition at Olympia so soon after his return from holiday

at Buckingham Palace before moving to Marlborough House her standard and not

the King's is flown. Although the difference between the two devices is small and not very obvious when seen from below, it is one of some interest to the many people who note these forms of State.

HIS MAJESTY has now been home for more than a week after a month of crowded and happy experience, a lot of important diplomatic work taken in his stride, his personal popularity enhanced all over the Near East, with an entirely satisfactory report from his ear specialist in Vienna, and refreshed in body and mind. All has gone well, and now his people rejoice that he is among them again.

I say rejoice, although the rejoicing had no opportunity of being demonstrative. The King's arrival in London was in fact effected with a secrecy that had an amusing aspect.

The King wanted to reach home as quietly as possible, and I am told that with this purpose he arranged an elaborate sort of hide-and-seek. His own enthusiasm in carrying this out was not entirely shared by somewhat perplexed officials.

WE knew that he was flying from Zurich, but beyond that he contrived to keep everyone guessing as to his movements. No official intimation was sent to Buckingham Palace.

The King's pilot, Wing-Commander Fielden, was in wireless communication with Hendon, but even the Air Ministry was not informed whether the King would land there or at his own aerodrome, Smith's Lawn, in Windsor Great Park.

Instructions were sent to the King's chauffeur, Mr. Ladbrook, to have cars in waiting at both places, but to stand by for further orders.

At the last moment these took the King's car across country to Heath Row, in Middlesex, where His Majesty arrived at the aerodrome of the Fairey Aviation Company.

Before the news had time to draw the crowd that he was anxious to avoid, he slipped away not to Buckingham Palace, but to Fort Belvedere, where again his arrival escaped any public notice, and within a few minutes he was deep in official business. Later in the evening he drove up to the Palace to dine with Queen Mary, returning to his country house for the night.

His little game of elusiveness had been a complete success.

INCIDENTALLY, I notice that a well-informed London newspaper states that on the King's arrival at the Palace the flagmast was flying his standard, thus falling into the common error of confusing this with the Queen's.

So long as Her Majesty remains in residence

THE change-over in the housing of the Royal Family will not take place until the King's return from Scotland early in October.

While he was in London during the break in his holiday he did not use York House after all, preferring to carry on necessary business at Fort Belvedere, where, as at the Palace, he spent a good deal of time in inspecting the alterations and

John Drinkwater's ~ Intimate Diary ~ THE KING THIS WEEK

improvements that had been effected during his absence.

Among the most interesting of these are designs to improve the views, or the prospects as our ancestors would have called them, from Fort Belvedere.

The Fishing Temple built by George IV on Virginia Water had pleasant boyhood memories for the King, since with his brothers he learnt to fish there, as his father and grandfather had done before him. By demolishing it, however, he now gets a magnificent panorama from the grounds of his house across the lovely water to Windsor Forest.

In the same way, by felling a fine group of elms on the Home Farm at Windsor, a new view of the river has been opened up from the Castle. There is always some sentimental regret attaching to such clearances, but there is no doubt that more often than not they mean a vast improvement to the landscape.

A MAINTENANCE staff only was kept at York House, even the telephone being out of use, the exchange having instructions to divert any calls for St. James's to Buckingham Palace. All this meant that the King wished to make the interval between his cruise and Balmoral as short and as little complicated as possible.

When he comes south again he will have

Home Again!

many months of most exacting work in front of him before the Coronation, and he prudently resolved that there should be no unnecessary interruption of his holiday before it really comes to an end.

☆ ☆ ☆

SPEAKING of the Coronation, I should like to support Sir Herbert Morgan's admirable suggestion that something should be done to bring commerce and industry prominently into the pageantry of the great event to which the Empire is looking forward.

I know that in this the armed Services of the country will, properly enough, be out in force, but our King has already in the short period of his reign given repeated proof of his noble ambitions as a peacemaker, and it is not too much to ask that the arts of peace, which, after all, are the life-blood of the Empire, should be adequately represented at his Coronation.

I hope that the authorities will take note of Sir Herbert's proposal and do something about it on a worthy scale.

☆ ☆ ☆

I AM sure, too, that thousands of people will sympathise with the complaints that are being made about the exorbitant prices that are being asked for seats to see the Coronation procession.

If you are lucky enough to have premises on the route, it is doubtless very tempting to turn your good fortune handsomely to personal account, but, nevertheless, it looks to me like a rather mean kind of profiteering.

I know it is easy to tell other people what they ought to do with their own, but I hope that if I were one of the lucky ones I should either invite my friends to share my luck with me, or hand the proceeds over to some such fund as King George's Jubilee Trust.

☆ ☆ ☆

KING EDWARD has been making more changes in his household staff that, while they are not vastly important in themselves, are symptomatic of his views in general.

As I have said before, nothing would induce this most democratic of kings to relinquish any of the significant ceremony of State, but there are many survivals in the Royal establishment that have outlived their use and meaning.

These the King proposes to eliminate from his personnel, and two picturesque titles, those of Page of the Presence and the King's Page, have already gone. I understand that a third, the Page of the Backstairs, will also go when the present holder retires.

These titles were a mark of seniority in the Royal service, and they entailed specific duties. It was the office of the Page of the Presence, for example, to conduct any visitor of less than royal or high diplomatic rank to audience with the King.

A pretty formality, but one which the King feels can be as well performed by any of his upper servants, and so the traditional Page disappears into the minor amenities of history.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE announcement which has lately appeared in the Press that one of the new battle-ships is to be named after the King is unauthorised. No decision on the matter has yet been made by the Admiralty.

Nor is there at present any confirmation of the rumour that the new Cunard White Star liner, of which the King has promised to lay the first keel-plate, is to be called the *King George*.

The King's own wishes on both questions will, of course, be carried out, and they are not yet known.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free Cookery Book. Simply fill in your name and address in the Stark Margarine advert. on page 29 for a copy of a New Cookery Guide!

A FREE 7-day trial tube of CORO-SHAVE, the new brushless method of Shaving, is offered to new subscribers who simply write, mentioning John Bull, to the Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 228), 28, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Send a 1ld. stamp for postage and packing. See p. 42.

ACCEPT this sample offer of Four Square Tobacco! If you've never tried the delicious blends of these cool and mellow tobaccos you can obtain samples which include Empire Mixture, Cut Cake, Curles, Original Mixture, etc., for only 1/-, if you write, mentioning John Bull, enclosing remittance, to Dept. J.B.12, Geo. Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland.

NAIL BITING. Free booklet, sent privately, for 1ld. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filter, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

MISSING.

IF this should catch the eye of anyone who has been missing the bargain offers in John Bull's "Shop Window," he or she will find it advantageous to make a habit of turning to pages 2 and 3 every week.

What Killed William Freestone?

PERHAPS the most perplexing stereotyped statement that comes periodically from a Government department is one which emanates from the Ministry of Health. It is to the effect that in no circumstances can the Minister ever undertake any kind of enquiry, public or private, into charges against hospitals which are either maintained voluntarily or conducted for private profit.

This strange indifference and coldness to tragic occurrences in institutions of the kind are often seriously prejudicial to the public interest.

At other times the refusal to intervene is definitely harmful to the hospitals concerned. In many cases it is only by thorough investigation and sifting of allegations that the good name of these places can be preserved.

Splendid reputation

An outstanding example of the need for the national health authorities to change their attitude is presented in the case of a private hospital named St. Mary's, at Clifton, Bristol. This is an admirable institution with a very fine record. It is sponsored by a religious denomination, but is completely non-sectarian with regard to the admission of patients.

The splendid reputation of St. Mary's is now being endangered by ill-informed gossip. All the reports in circulation bear upon the death of an aged man who was under brief treatment in this hospital, but many of the rumours are as foolish as they are varied.

The name of the institution has been suppressed in local newspaper references to the death, but that has far from prevented identification by the public.

We propose to relate the known facts

Just a Cottage

THOSE picturesque cottages and houses with timbered walls and moss-grown tiles you hear so much about are all too often the cloak for a good deal of unnecessary suffering. The romantic is frequently near the tragic for folks who dwell in surroundings abundantly described as "old-world" and "historic."

Take the case of a Middlesex reader, for example. The centuries-old cottage in which he dwells has sunk below the level of the road, the walls are damp, the bricks are porous, the floors are cold stone flags.

His cottage is very like hundreds all over the country, but which for some unknown reason remain just as they have been for generations.

But, in the meantime, children are reared in unhealthy homes, the old folk suffer rheumatism and all sorts of ailments. The "picturesque" and "romantic" cottages are subject to periodic flooding, and in the event of fire they usually prove death-traps.

The cottage our reader occupies is just such a curiosity. In a heavy storm recently, the water broke through the doors back and front, and flooded his living accommodation.

The rugs were ruined, the linoleum rotted in the days that followed, during which fires were necessary by day and night in an effort to remedy the needless trouble. A good deal of the furniture was utterly spoilt.

The outlook for his wife seemed pretty hopeless for some time to come, as the cost of replacement was an expense that could not be met.

But being readers of JOHN BULL, the husband wrote and told us about it, and we were able and willing to recoup their losses, so don't let the chance to participate in our Free Insurance scheme escape you any longer.

Turn to page 46 and fill in the form at once. Winter is coming, and there surely will be a repetition of the floods.

HOSPITAL Mystery To PROBE

about the patient who died only for the reason that they point to the necessity for an altered policy on the part of the Ministry of Health, and because cases and charges of this nature are, unfortunately, too frequent throughout the country.

The death which gives rise to the demand for an official investigation was that of Mr. William Freestone, of Wells Road, Whitchurch, who was well known for two generations in the West Country as a hotel proprietor and licensed victualler.

As Mr. Freestone was eighty-two years of age, his expectation of life may not have been great, but the fact remains that, until an accident made it necessary for him to enter St. Mary's Hospital, he was still robust and healthy and remarkably active.

It has to be explained that at an inquest which has been held on Mr. Freestone, a rider was added to the coroner's verdict exonerating the hospital from all blame.

In several important respects, however, the inquest was an unsatisfactory enquiry. Insufficient evidence was available.

Mr. Freestone was admitted to St. Mary's for a fracture of the leg sustained by a fall. He was in hospital for only one week, and his relatives were surprised to be informed by the nurses that within twenty-four hours of admission he had developed "soreness of the back due to some kind of pressure."

The trouble, which was to lead to Mr. Freestone's death, must have had its origin in the hospital ward—and it began on the very day he entered the institution.

After his fall every part of his body was examined for possible bruising or other injuries, and there was then certainly no affliction in his back.

From the time he returned home until he died four months later he had the benefit of the constant care of a qualified nurse of thirty years' experience, twenty of which were spent at the London Hospital.

Aghast

This lady assisted to transfer Mr. Freestone to bed from the stretcher in which he was taken home. She was aghast when, on taking her hands away from the small of his back, she found them to be covered with blood.

Even the blanket in which he had been wrapped for the short journey home from the hospital was blood-soaked.

Examination of Mr. Freestone revealed a large area of severe injury. From her long experience the nurse had no doubt whatever that the patient had been seriously burned.

When the man was asked by his wife and the nurse to explain his condition, he stated that on the day he entered hospital, after his leg had been set in



Dr. H. Parry, Bristol's Medical Officer of Health, is happy in the knowledge of his city's fine hospital record. St. Mary's has a particularly fine reputation

plaster, he was put to bed with hot-water bottles placed on each side of him and was given a sleeping draught.

If he was burned because the hot bottles had been negligently placed against him without a protecting layer

of blanket between, he was, of course, not aware of the fact at the time or able to remove the bottles owing to the heavy slumber induced by the narcotic drug which had been administered. Next morning, however, he awakened in agony and he also was told by a nurse that the pain in his back was due to "some kind of pressure."

Mr. Freestone suffered greatly until his death seventeen weeks afterwards. During all that time his wife and family never supposed that his injuries would be attributed to anything else than severe burning.

Actually, the coroner's enquiry did not reveal any real facts to the contrary. The only definite evidence, apart from that of the lady who had nursed Mr. Freestone at home, was given by a pathologist who conducted the post-mortem examination.

Three nurses

He described finding a large ulcerated area on the man's back which had the appearance of a bed sore.

This ulceration, he said, certainly contributed to Mr. Freestone's death, and he could not eliminate the possibility of the injury having been caused by burns.

The only other witnesses were a physician and a surgeon who had attended Mr. Freestone both in the hospital and at home, and each of them denied that he had ever admitted to members of the family that the man's condition was produced by burning.

A remarkable oversight at the inquest was that no evidence at all was called from the hospital staff.

Three nurses who had Mr. Freestone in their care at the institution were in court, but they were not asked to go into the witness-box. All three nurses are members of a religious order and their vital sworn testimony would have been conclusive.

Enquiry needed

Still another surprise followed the inquest when a death certificate was issued bearing the statement that Mr. Freestone's death was due to hypostatic pneumonia and had been accelerated by bed sores!

Elucidation of the full circumstances in which William Freestone came to die is manifestly necessary.

The high standing and good record of the hospital alone justify the truth being established, apart from the interests of the bereaved.

Occurrences in private institutions should not be regarded by the Ministry of Health as beyond its jurisdiction. The present attitude of the Department is unfair to all.

Queer Child Welfare Scheme

RECENTLY, in Sheffield, two poorly furnished offices were opened in Queen Street as the "Appeals Office and Welfare Centre" of a newly formed National Child and Destitute Help Society.

A leaflet issued by the society states that £1,000 is urgently needed to help the poor children and destitute.

It is stated that the society "has been started to help not only poor children to have a good start in life, giving them good plain food, warm clothes, and the many things that parents out of work cannot afford to buy, but also the poor and destitute who, through no fault of their own, cannot get employment and are unable to buy the necessities of life."

This laudable aim is undoubtedly intended to reach the pockets of kind-hearted citizens.

But to make an appeal for such a paltry sum of £1,000 to deal with the gigantic problem of the poor children and the destitute of a town with a population of half a million is about as effective as prescribing a pill for an earthquake.

It must be obvious that a considerable percentage of the £1,000 asked for will be absorbed in expenses, including commission to door-to-door collectors.

Mr. S. Plane, the appeals secretary of the society, told a caller that offices were to be opened at Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester and other towns.

Mr. Plane added that they had told the authorities that it might be six months before their organisation really got going and started the real work of philanthropy.

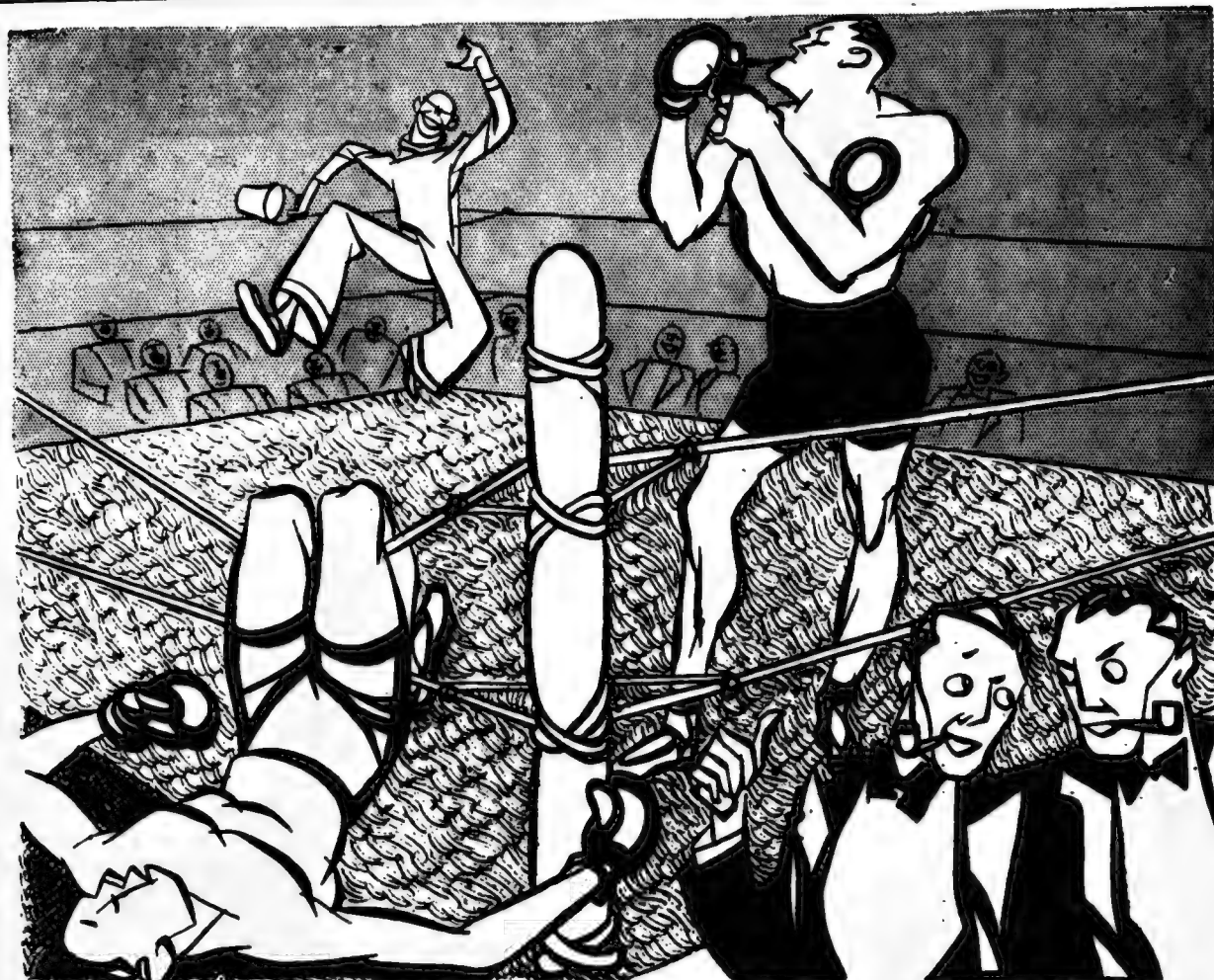
In spite of that, however, the society did intend immediately to get in touch with deserving cases and make grants of food and clothing.

We are not impressed with this new organisation which can only deal with the problem of the poor and destitute in a piecemeal and unsatisfactory manner.

It is strange to find that Mr. N. Bates, the organiser of the National Child and Destitute Help Society, is also hon. secretary of another new organisation—the Lancashire and Cheshire Dental Hospitals, which has an office in Cooper Street, Manchester.

In this case the appeal is for £10,000 to open hospitals in Liverpool, Crewe and Bolton.

With all due respect to Mr. Bates and his zeal for philanthropy, we can find no good reason why people should place money which maybe they can ill afford to spare into the collecting boxes of his canvassers.



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on pages 2 and 3 and

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching"

on page 16.

Tragic Victim of Police Blunder..

FEW cases of mistaken identity which have been brought to our notice have had a more tragic sequel than that at Sheffield, where a man's death from gas-poisoning was caused by anxiety following his being questioned by the police.

The victim was Albert Eastwood, aged fifty-five, a labourer employed by an electricity undertaking in Sheffield.

For many years he had lived with his wife at Bingley Street, Sheffield. They were quiet, law-abiding people who were well known and respected in the locality.

Then, on Sunday, September 6, there came a report to the police that two girls had been assaulted that afternoon on the outskirts of the town.

From that moment the police investigations, which were to have such an unfortunate sequel, began.

On the Monday evening two detectives called at the home of Albert Eastwood in Bingley Street and questioned his wife about her husband's movements on the previous afternoon.

Perplexed

Later they asked Eastwood to go with them to the police offices at Castle Green for the purposes of an identification parade.

That parade never took place, and Eastwood, greatly puzzled and distressed, returned to his home.

Then, on Tuesday, the following evening, a detective called and told him that he was to attend on Wednesday, not Friday, as had been previously arranged.

It is not difficult to imagine the perplexed state of mind of this man, who felt that he was being accused of a crime of which he had no knowledge. There is no doubt that he brooded over the affair.

On Wednesday he did not feel well, and consequently stayed away from work. Mrs. Eastwood went out to do some shopping at 10.30 a.m., leaving her husband alone in the house.

When she returned at noon she found that the back door was bolted. When she eventually got into the house and entered the kitchen she saw her husband lying on the floor with his head in the gas-oven.

He was dead. On the table in the living-room was a last pathetic note, which read: "Animals in the shed. Good-bye and not guilty."

Though troubled beyond endurance, he had taken care to put the domestic animals into safety at the rear of the house before ending his life.

Then this poor man's last act was to declare his innocence, and investigations made by our representatives lead us to the conclusion that he was innocent, and that his death was the sequel to official blundering.

When the detectives called at the



Mr. Eastwood, with his wife

Eastwoods' home a description of a man wanted for an assault on two little girls was read out. The description of his clothes was naturally of vital importance for purposes of identification.

The wanted man was wearing a light tweed suit, a tweed cap, a white muffler over a white collar and tie, and a double watch-chain.

It happened that Mr. Eastwood, on the Sunday in question and at the time of the alleged assault, was wearing a navy blue suit, a black trilby hat, with a blue shirt and collar, and no watch-chain.

Mrs. Eastwood states definitely that her husband "had no such clothes" as those in the police description of the wanted man, nor had he ever possessed a double watch-chain.

It is thus confirmed that the clothes worn by Mr. Eastwood had no possible resemblance to those worn by the man for whom the police were searching.

Yet, in spite of this, the case was proceeded with. It is true that he had been out taking an afternoon stroll on the Sunday afternoon, but so had thousands of other men in Sheffield.

It should have been obvious that the authorities had not a very convincing collection of evidence. This view certainly appears to have been taken by

the officer in charge of the case, for on the Tuesday the police decided not to prosecute.

Although this decision was made on Tuesday, no mention of it was conveyed to Mr. Eastwood. In fact, when detectives called at his house that night their message was that he was to attend Castle Green police offices on Wednesday instead of Friday.

Had this unfortunate man been told that the case against him was going to be dropped the anxieties of his wife and himself would have been ended. Certainly he would not have taken his life in such tragic circumstances on the following day.

It is not difficult to appreciate the condition of this man's mind. Although convinced of his innocence, he could scarcely fail to be worried about the cloud of suspicion that he imagined was still hanging over him.

Sleepless night

The calls of the detectives at his house, the visit to the police station, the request that he was to call again, the postponed identification parade—all these were enough to prey on the mind of a sensitive man who had previously had no contact with the police.

Following the second visit of the detectives on Tuesday he spent a sleepless night pacing the bedroom floor. Who can say what turmoil was going on within his brain?

We know the difficulties of police work, and in this case there appears to have been very little evidence to connect Eastwood with the assault on the two little girls.

It is true that after two days they

came to the conclusion that they were mistaken, but why in the name of common-sense and fairness did they not assure this unfortunate man immediately that no charge would be made against him?

Both he and his wife had a right to be spared unmerited suspense, and this knowledge would have saved Eastwood's life.

Indignation

Now a word as to the behaviour of the police in this case.

It will be recalled that a recent suggestion that the Commissioner of Police should have power to caution people for minor offences under the Road Traffic Act met with a storm of indignation on the grounds that this would be tantamount to empowering the police to find a person "guilty" of an offence against the law.

In this present case apparently the police decided to find Eastwood "guilty" (without any trial whatever) of a felony!

It was stated in evidence on oath by a police officer that after the enquiry which had been made it was decided that Eastwood should be "cautioned" and not taken before the court.

Without even having been arrested and charged he was to be disposed of "judicially by the police," that is to say, although there was not sufficient evidence to warrant an arrest he was to be "cautioned."

Peculiar mentality

In reply to the coroner the police witness stated that he believed that it was decided that the assault was "not of a very serious nature." It seems to betray a peculiar type of mentality to decide not to prosecute because an offence may not be of a "very serious nature."

If an offence against the law has been committed, the question of its gravity is one for a magistrate to consider in dealing with the case, and not for the police at all.

It is relevant to ask what the nature of this "caution" was intended to be. Was he to be warned to be "more careful in the future," thereby suggesting guilt, or was he to be told "We think you are the man who did it, but we don't propose to proceed with the matter?"

Eastwood appears to have given the police every assistance, to have voluntarily attended an identification parade, and to have complied with every request made to him.

When the police decided not to proceed further with the matter it was their duty to have informed Eastwood that they were satisfied with his explanation.

That their failure to do so has driven a respectable citizen to end his life in despair is a scandal that should engage the immediate attention of the Home Secretary.

A Spare-time RAMP

A WIDESPREAD appeal is being made to thousands of people who are anxious to add to their incomes by means of spare-time work.

Anxious to cash-in on this enthusiasm are certain mysterious individuals who advertise under a monomark address. They have started a Homeworers' Supply League, which, according to an anonymous secretary, "makes no profit and was formed to protect and assist homeworers."

Membership costs 2s. 6d. a year and members are informed that those "who want envelope-addressing are given regular supplies at once without delay."

What they will be paid for doing such work is not mentioned. Further enquiry brings a response from a Mr. A. J. Bunting, of Becket Road, Doncaster, who seems keenly interested in the Homeworers' Supply League.

Mr. Bunting explains that he wants

mailing agents to mail to addresses he will supply. "Treasure Hunt" circulars, which "pull investments of one dollar upwards, and you keep half, sending me the balance."

It all seems so simple, and is doubtless intended to whet the appetite of the innocent homemaker, who is told that the kind Mr. Bunting will supply printed circulars for a charge of fifty cents. Then the victim will have to pay postage on 500 circulars, which involves the outlay of at least twenty shillings.

In this wonderful scheme it becomes clear that whatever happens to the dupe, Mr. Bunting cannot lose.

The homemaker has paid a 2s. 6d. membership fee to the Homeworers' Supply League; he pays again for printed "Treasure Hunt" circulars; he gives his time to addressing these envelopes.

A pretty scheme, indeed, which is far too one-sided for our liking.

In the same circulars is an announce-

ment to the effect that Vincent Jackson, of New Oxford Street, London, has a "Postcard Plan" that "pulls the coin." But here, again, there is an initial outlay before aspirants can start.

To those who do not accept his envelope-addressing offer, Bunting suggests that they should at least hand over half-a-crown and become members of the Homeworers' Supply League, whose object is to "protect and assist homeworers."

* * *

Actually there is urgent need for something to be done to protect homeworers from philanthropists like Mr. A. J. Bunting and Mr. Vincent Jackson. It should be obvious that if these gentlemen really possess such wonderful money-making secrets, they would be much better employed in utilising them to their own advantage instead of offering them to others.

EAT MORE OFTEN...

'NOT MORE FOOD, BUT MORE FREQUENT FOOD'

say the doctors



★ For an account of some of the interesting experiments made, see the article on 'Diet and Physical Efficiency' in the *British Medical Journal*, November 30th, 1935, p. 1047.



WHEN the children come asking for things 'between meals,' their instincts are sound. Nature keeps their young bodies in constant rebellion against the old 3-meal-a-day convention in which we, our parents and our grandparents were brought up—and which modern physiologists have now proved to be quite wrong.

People work better and their health improves if, without increasing the total amount consumed, they eat at more frequent intervals. That, in brief, is what eminent medical research workers have

recently discovered.★ The 'between-meals snack' is not only wise but necessary for those who are making use of physical or mental energy all day long. The snack—what kind? No, anything will *not* do. It must be something with a high energy value, and at the same time be a balanced food; and convenient, so that it does not interfere with the day's work. Cadburys Milk Chocolate, for instance. This has the energy-giving nourishment of the cocoa bean and pure sugar, *plus* that of pure rich British milk—a glass and a half to each $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. block.

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TRIO of Sinister Swindlers

A TERRIBLE, almost heart-breaking, example of the misery and ruin which can befall a victim of unscrupulous financiers who go on year after year promoting schemes which have for their aim the victimisation of people with money, is revealed in the story of Mr. Percy Reynolds, who, until a week or two ago, resided at a residential hotel in Porchester Gardens, Bayswater, London.

The scandal surrounding his case is one which, in my opinion, should be thoroughly investigated by the authorities.

Reynolds was in his sixty-seventh year, and he had a hard-working and honourable career behind him. When he first came to the Bayswater hotel, just over a year ago, he was comfortably off. He had been a settled immigrant in Canada since 1910, and had worked up a good business, employing many men.

Sold up

At the age of sixty-five he decided to go into retirement and return to his home country, particularly as he had just lost his wife following a long and painful illness.

So he sold up his business, came to London, and made his home at the Bayswater hotel.

A little later he chanced to meet an impressive person who posed as a "City man" and property dealer. After several conversations had taken place concerning generalities, the man talked about several excellent investments to which Reynolds could be introduced.

What was the good of a retired business man leaving his capital lying idle in the bank, he asked, when he could make money if it were successfully and prudently dealt with?

One of the promising ventures mentioned was a concern which had for its chief aim the provision of first-class legal aid and advice to would-be litigants, who were charged fees according to their means and the importance of their respective cases.

Impressive

Mr. Reynolds' newly made acquaintance had apparently settled down in London and had himself invested heavily in the legal enterprise of which he spoke so highly.

Knowing little about investments on this side of the Atlantic, Reynolds handed over in due course a considerable sum of money for investment in the legal aid concern.

In due course, Reynolds met several other people, all of whom seemed to be deeply involved in mutual business deals, and some of whom I find have passed in various names at different times.

Three—a most interesting trio—have acted as the chiefs. Of this there is no doubt.

All, it seemed clear, met constantly and resorted to the use of different London offices.

In due course, according to plan, the legal aid business came under new management, and Reynolds was fortunate enough to obtain part of his investment back, which had only been made a few months previously.

He then, unfortunately, walked into a cunningly laid net which had been prepared for him.

One member of this group of financiers told him that there was, he had discovered, much more money to be made in property investment, and urged him to utilise the money he had recovered from the legal aid business, together with further moneys, in a big proposition that was about to be established.

According to the stories unfolded to Reynolds, a company was shortly to be formed to acquire land for modern building development in all parts, and that if he "got in quickly" he would be entitled to a large share of the promoter's profits.

In his ignorance of the true characters of his new friends, and believing that he was dealing with straight business men, he handed over further moneys—moneys which represented a quarter of a century's hard work in Canada.

He lost every penny. His money was frittered away, and as time went on he found that several of the people belonging to the group with which he had thus become connected were men with bad records who had been for years notorious in parting unsuspecting investors from their money.

Rogues' gallery

The only satisfaction he could obtain was that he had unfortunately, like others, made a bad bargain, and that he must put up with it.

He went to Scotland Yard, only to learn that he was just one of many dupes who had been similarly deceived.

Photographs, in fact, were shown to him there of some of the men who had played varying parts in his hapless experiences following his return from Canada—photographs from the Yard's "Rogues' Gallery."

He had already been to a solicitor, but all efforts to obtain redress had proved hopeless, for two of the men at least had been for years notorious in obtaining funds from dupes in a similar manner.

Reynolds became penniless, desperate. Rather than face the ruin to which

• Write to
JOHN BULL
About it!



The newly made acquaintance was full of charm—but it proved to be a fatal charm for the returned settler

A Warning by Sir Wyndham Childs

his supposed friends had brought him, he threw himself from a hotel window and sustained injuries from which he died.

He left no letter behind to throw any light on the reason why he decided to take his life. At the subsequent inquest, held by the deputy-coroner, Doctor P. Barlow, a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was recorded.

As official enquiries are still going on into their operations, I am reluctant at the moment to mention names, but one of the men concerned was engaged until recently with an enterprise which manipulated a queer money-making scheme.

Its literature prophesied that large sums could be won by members of the public who carefully studied the concern's rules.

It was all very elaborately planned, but it was not long before scores of complaints were being made by clients who had been fortunate enough to make profits which they had not been able to obtain in hard cash!

Another similar concern, also the subject of universal complaint, ended with a like fate for supporters. It was run by a man connected with the same group of financiers who swindled poor Reynolds.

Inspiring

Sometimes the perpetrators of these frauds work independently of each other. Not long ago, for example, one of them obtained a large sum of money from a colonial visitor to this country for investment in one of his mythical concerns. Much the same type of procedure was followed as in the Reynolds case.

Another of these financiers, too, has a very bad commercial record. Not long ago he was the leading light of a firm of merchants with headquarters in the South-Western district of London.

Several men introduced to him in this guise, as potential investors, were obtained through inspiring advertisements issued by a still further concern run by another accomplice from a West End office.

Another venture

As the direct result several people lost sums ranging from £100 to £300, and the company, which never had any real working capital and was in financial difficulties from the start, ended with a loss to creditors of many thousands of pounds.

In another venture the same person was associated with a notorious woman in a company then running from headquarters at Regent Street, London. It was also supposed to be a firm of merchants, and it certainly made a general practice of obtaining goods of all descriptions from traders in all parts. The trickster, I see, closed down when he found that creditors were growing a little too pressing for him and that Chief Inspector Campion, of Scotland Yard, was on his track.

He has been on two occasions through the bankruptcy courts.

Several of the remaining members of this enterprising band have been through the hands of the police.

One is a most flamboyant liar, and has been very active in the parts he has played in the recent frauds with which I have dealt.

Much more could be unfolded, if space permitted, about the manner in which people have been imposed upon by these adventurers, but I think I have said enough to justify my contention that the case of Reynolds calls for full investigation.

And if any of my readers should be invited to participate in schemes sponsored by this swindling trio, I hope they will lose no time in communicating with me.

Our New Air Force...

DRAMA

AS we came out on to the edge of the airfield a klaxon blared out suddenly from somewhere up in the observation tower.

Men came running from all directions to the entrance of one of the hangars and vanished inside. When they reappeared they were walking slowly, reverentially, backward—their hands clasped about a long glistening shape. It was a low wing monoplane.

Slowly they wheeled and guided it across the tarmac, and on to the field, swinging it round to face the wind.

As their hands left it, it seemed to come alive. Its slim, tapering nose pointed upwards, above the edge of the far horizon. The wings wavered slightly in the wind, like a bird which loosens its pinions before flight.

Behind us came the sound of a car engine and round the corner of a hangar appeared a light lorry marked "Fire Engine." It was a clutter of ropes, hoses, grappling hooks and tank extinguishers. Poised on top was a stretcher.

It drove on to the field and braked to a standstill quite near us. Then the driver, with his engine just ticking over, settled back casually into his seat, gazing at the men tinkering about the airplane.

There was a general air of quiet. Nobody seemed to be doing much talking. And watching the men silently engaged on last-minute allotted tasks, I felt a certain tension. Perhaps the arrival of that fire

engine had something to do with it. You couldn't get away from the meaning of its presence.

I looked beyond the busy men out across the airfield, level and empty, a wide expanse of sunny green under the cloudless noon sky. To the left a "windsock"—a short cylinder of coloured cloth—flew straight out from its flagpole in the steady, mild breeze.

"Well," said my guide, "he's got a good day for it."

He was one of Britain's ace test pilots, a man who holds that job simply because his co-ordination of brain and eye and muscle is a shade faster and much more perfect than yours and mine. Doctors call it "supernormal response." You can just say that he *thinks* more quickly than a hundred thousand other men.

But he must be able to think, too, while his body is being racked by enormous stresses, and his body must be fit to stand those stresses. His mind must work coolly and smoothly, observing and recording a dozen details while he is within a split second of disaster.

And he must deliberately court that disaster. A test pilot, for his daily bread, backs his body and mind against Death. Sometimes he loses.

There are about ten of them in this country, and no more than about forty in the whole world. These are the front-rank men who couple the knowledge of engineer and designer with super flying skill. Men who can take an unknown machine straight into the air "off the drawing board," so to speak; who can "fly it to pieces," if necessary, in the air, and yet return to earth intact with a complete record of how and why.

"He's got a good day for it," said my guide.

It was what I had come to see. That machine out there on the edge of the flying field was it.

Feverish activity

In my pocket was a newspaper which detailed the progress of Britain's air building programme towards that 2,000 first line aircraft and 125 squadrons which must be in being by the end of the financial year.

It spoke of the feverish activity which is proceeding night and day—five new squadrons formed and equipped every month, 38 new R.A.F. aerodromes, all existing aircraft factories extended and working to capacity, six new factories being built, new designs going into commission in six months instead of six years as hitherto.

The machine on the edge of the flying field was one of these new "types." A few months ago it had been a thought in the minds of its designers.

Men had sweated and pondered the remotest details of its engine and structure.

In a few minutes now a man would walk out of those airfield offices behind me, climb into that machine which had never flown before, take it four miles up, and there alone between sky and earth he would make that machine do things it would never be called upon to do again.

"He walked with a queer gait, due perhaps to the shoulder-straps of his harness"—one of Britain's test pilots



"Spitfire" Britain's latest bomber—
"With a deafening roar it swept down towards us..."

For perhaps half an hour, with Death always at his finger tips, he would submit that unknown machine to ultimate smashing stresses just to see if the designers had guessed right.

While I waited for the test pilot to come out, my guide, who had done routine, not *final*, tests of aircraft himself, began to explain what was to happen.

"In that machine," he said, "there are many more instruments than it will carry during ordinary commission. The cockpit is packed with gadgets of all kinds, mostly recording instruments put in by the designers and engineers for this test.

"The pilot must watch all these dials while he is putting the machine through its various manoeuvres, and he must take note of the figures they show at the same time as he is noting the general behaviour of the plane. At first it will be fairly easy—ordinary observations like engine revs., speed and rate of climb.

"The real work comes later, when he is, say, 18,000 feet up, when he has perhaps put her into a dizzying spin 'into the deck,' and has to watch dials while at the same time fighting her out of the spin—without knowing whether she will come out or not.

"At first as he takes off he will just fly the machine around a bit, 'feeling' it out. He will rock it about, do short hops to test the undercarriage, do short rolls, put it about generally and watch. Watch everything, the struts, the wires, the wings, the tail. Then he'll take her up for the final things, a T.V. dive and the 9G 'pull-outs'—"

A shattering roar drowned any further explanations for a while as to what those cryptic letters meant. The monoplane lying glistening and silent before us a few moments before had leapt into life.

It trembled and shook in giant blasts from its engine as a man in the cockpit worked at the controls. Then as sounds steadied into an enormous even drone which seemed to fill the whole aerodrome, a group of men walked out of the offices towards the machine.

The first walked with a queer straddling wide-legged gait, due perhaps to the parachute harness which wound between his legs and over the shoulders of his flying overalls.

He moved pensively, his hands clasping the still unbuckled

shoulder-straps of his harness, looking much (except for his strange rig) like an elder statesman clutching his coat lapels. Strapped to one leg of his overall was a notebook.

Behind him came a group of lounge-suited individuals, two or three of them grey-haired and bespectacled—designers and engineers.

The test pilot himself surprised me. Nothing of the young sprig about him. I had expected to see a young man of the type of the average R.A.F. flying officer, in the full tide of physical fitness, fit to stand desperate nervous strains and handle hair-breadth speed emergencies. Instead, he looked a man "rising forty," grave-faced, mature.

The group assembled round the roaring, vibrating machine. There seemed to be some last minute consultations, judging by the pilot's listening pose and his occasional brief nods, although how anybody could carry on a conversation in that uproar was beyond my guessing. Then the pilot climbed in.

Genius

Within a few seconds, it seemed, he was off—in one last tremendous burst of sound from the engine.

But it was no take-off such as one ordinarily sees on aerodromes. He appeared to go almost straight off the ground, and in a few seconds he was a twirling, glistening shape a thousand feet over our heads.

Backwards and forwards he swept, the engine note cracking like a whip-lash as he passed over. The waiting group were craning anxiously, critically, upwards, noting things that I could not see.

All I knew was that I was watching a breath-taking artistry, all I felt



MA of the 9G. MAN

I Saw For Myself

by a "John Bull"
Investigator



was that feeling you get when you behold sure mastery, as when you see a great artist's brush at work over the canvas, or a great conductor riding his orchestra through waves of pure sound. This performance we were watching was on a par with those from the point of view of genius.

For some minutes this twirling and flashing went on, and then with a booming, deepening roar the aeroplane swept down towards us, only to turn swiftly a few feet above the ground and rocket upwards into the blue sky.

My guide touched my arm: "He's going up to do a T.V. dive now," he explained. "The pilot has to demonstrate that the machine will go to terminal velocity and find out what that T.V. is. Any falling object will only go faster and faster up to a certain point. That point is when the object creates an air resistance equal to its own weight. That point is T.V."

While I was watching the machine climbing and diminishing upwards he described what that bit of mathematics feels like to the pilot who has to demonstrate it.

At 18,000 or 20,000 feet, the pilot lays the machine over into a half roll and turns her nose down into the deck with engine going full out.

Then things begin to happen. The roar of the engine begins to mount in note, the wires begin to whistle; the air speed needle in front begins to race round the dial, and the altimeter needle begins to race round

the other way as height is being lost at three or four miles a minute.

As speed mounts the sound mounts. The engine note becomes a long sustained whine as the machine approaches T.V. The wires are screaming now. The air speed needle begins to slow up—370—380—385.

The pilot can feel T.V. by the terrific enormous pressure before the needle finally stops it race round the dial. The machine trembles and shudders and things sometimes break adrift on the instrument board. Anything loose on the cockpit floor begins to fly about.

Once a test pilot was stunned and blinded by a piece of glass which flew off a panel, and he never knew how he had got out of the T.V. dive.

Another burst an eardrum because his body could not compensate quickly enough for the sudden terrific loss of height.

A test pilot's trick in the middle of a T.V. dive is to pinch his nostrils with one hand and blow, so that the pressure inside his head will keep his ear drums from bursting in.

Some scream, for the same purpose, pitting their small human voice against the giant clamour of their falling plane.

And it all happens in a minute. It just takes so long for a modern fighting machine in a T.V. dive to travel 20,000 feet to earth. That's why you have to have super types for test pilots. They have to do so much in that minute and go through so much.

Then when he has reached T.V. he must ease out gently, and is expected to go up and do it at least once again.

I watched this test pilot on this machine and at this aerodrome I mustn't name, do a T.V. that day.

What T.V. was reached I don't know and mustn't say if I did. But what it looked like made everything I had ever seen at air pageants seem pretty small beer.

One second he was a tiny glinting

Among the group watching these breathtaking tests are the designers, seeing their 'paper' construction being brought to life

shape high up in the blue heavens. Field glasses were out among the tense watching group on the airfield.

Then: "Here he comes". . . and he came.

He came like a silver shell hurtling down towards us out of the sky, travelling almost as fast as the mounting scream of his own engine. Then he whip-lashed past over our heads, level and climbed again.

Three times he did it and then began to climb again.

"Now for the last thing," said my guide. "He's going to do a 9G." A 9G., I was told, means subjecting the machine to a pressure equivalent to nine times the force of gravity.

Again, what it means to the pilot is this. He puts the machine into a power dive as before, and then at almost maximum speed but at several thousand feet up (you'll see why in a minute) he pulls the controls back suddenly.

This manoeuvre throws the ultimate stress on the machine—and on the man. Colossal centrifugal forces come in play. On the dashboard is an instrument called an accelbrometer, and the needle creeps round past 5 and 6 towards the 9 as the machine pulls out.

Some machines fly to pieces at 9G., or the propeller smashes and the engine flies out, or struts smash and the pilot comes down, as my guide said, with "his wings tucked underneath his arms."

That's why he wants good height before he attempts a 9G. He may have to bail out with his parachute against a 350-mile-an-hour wind which feels like hitting a concrete floor.

But, again, he may be unable to bail out when the machine goes to pieces. He may be trapped by wreckage, or he may not be conscious. Few test pilots can stand a 9G. "pull-out," which is about all the human frame can cope with anyhow.

"Black-out"

When the needle reaches that figure a giant invisible hand is pressing him down in his seat with a force equal to nine times his own weight.

A twelve-stone man would have a pressure on him of 108 stones, or nearly three-quarters of a ton. Things begin to give. The blood drains from the eyes and head into the stomach, and the pilot has a "black-out." He is blinded for the few moments that the machine is pulling out under that pressure or he faints altogether.

And then anything may happen.

To lessen the risk of "black-outs" a test pilot trying a 9G. wears a corset tightly strapped round his abdomen, or he runs yards of rubber tape round his tummy before donning flying kit.

Perhaps that is why the test pilot I saw that day was walking in such a queer way towards the machine.

I don't know. I didn't ask him. But he did a 9G. all right. He came straight down as before in a roaring power dive, and then seemed to flatten out and hang still in the sky as though he was painted there.

A fraction later he side-slipped drunkenly to earth, wobbled, recovered, and made a perfect landing.

Afterwards I was told he had had a black-out, but the machine had held together, and he had come to again.

Anonymous . . .

Sometimes they don't "come to" in time. The last one who didn't was Jimmy Collins, who tested out the first of those Northrop fighters with which the Air Ministry is now experimenting. He was an American. Test pilots, who are a kind of élite, all know of each other.

Jimmy went into a 9G. at 8,000 feet. They picked him out of the wreck of his machine where it had crashed in a cemetery. When they got to him he was smiling feebly, and still conscious.

"Bit too much G. that time," he said. Someone wiped the blood from his face with a handkerchief. "Never mind that," he whispered smilingly. "I'm done."

The public hears a lot about Atlantic fliers and Cape fliers and round-the-world fliers, but almost nothing at all about the great test pilots. They are as anonymous as this article. But without them there would be no endurance flights, no 2,000 aircraft building programmes, and, indeed, no aircraft industry.

From first to last the test I saw took exactly 26 minutes. For that period of time the man I saw held his life in his hands. But because of that, the lives of all other men who will fly that type of machine are safe, barring ordinary accident, for all the time it is in commission. And a seal is set on brains and endeavour, a further advance made in the slow conquest of the air.

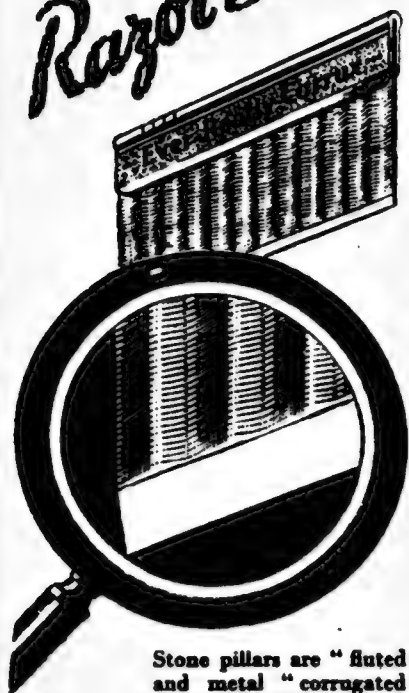
There have been test pilots who have been paid £3,000 for a demonstration lasting as long as the one I saw.

But standing with me on that airfield, seeing what I saw, you would know it is worth it.



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●Beginning:

The CASE-BOOK of SUPT. HAMBROOK

Scotland Yard's.

"Keeper of a Thousand Secrets"

I HAVE been called upon to undertake a good many intricate investigations in my time, but I recall none that made such great demands upon my patience or required so much painstaking effort as the Fox murder case.

Indeed, the success of the enquiry depended, at one crucial stage, upon a decision as to whether it would be worth while to tackle a routine task the very magnitude of which might have discouraged anyone.

I will relate that in due order, but first let me explain how I came to be on the case at all. Under the present system at New Scotland Yard a Chief Detective Inspector and his sergeant are on the rota, ready and waiting for any "SOS" from a provincial police force.

Thus it happened that in the autumn of 1929 I received sudden orders to take a car immediately for Margate, as the Chief Constable there had asked for Scotland Yard's co-operation in a case of suspected murder of a woman named Mrs. Fox. Her son, Sidney, aged thirty-one, was already under grave suspicion.

As he had just been arrested on charges of alleged fraud against hotel and lodging house-keepers, and was in prison on remand, it might be thought that the case presented no undue difficulties. But my experience had taught me never to embark upon any enquiry with a preconceived notion that it is going to be easy.

Now see the long arm of coincidence at work. I had been selected to handle this case simply because I happened to be next on the rota. Yet the moment I heard the name of the man in custody I felt that some inscrutable fate had singled me out for the task. For, believe it or not, I had crossed swords with this same Sidney Fox some thirteen years before.

I had then gained a pretty good idea of his character, though I must confess that I had stopped short at regarding him as a potential murderer.

Yes; thirteen years previously I had arrested Sidney Fox at a famous club in Pall Mall, London. It was during the war, and he was passing himself off as an officer of the Royal Flying Corps, and forging cheques.

Little did I dream, when I was instrumental in bringing Fox to justice on that score, that thirteen years later I should be engaged in piecing together the evidence which ultimately led him to the scaffold.

THE main facts of the case are within recent memory. During October, 1929, a Mrs. Fox and her son, Sidney Fox—both apparently people of some means—were staying at the Hotel Metropole, Margate. They had, on their own statement, just returned from a tour of the battlefields in Belgium and France, where the mother visited the graves of two of her other sons killed during the war.

Late one night a fire occurred in Mrs. Fox's bedroom. It was discovered by her son, who tried to get into her room, but was prevented from doing so by the volume of smoke. He aroused the hotel, and eventually Mrs. Fox was dragged from the room by one of the hotel visitors.

She was dead. It was assumed that she died from suffocation. An inquest was held and a verdict of accidental death returned, and an expression of sympathy was given to the distressed son, who had been a pathetic figure in the witness-box before the coroner.

The body of Mrs. Fox was taken from

FOX the

Mother-Killer

—by Walter—
HAMBROOK
(Who has just retired
after 38 years' service)

Margate to the little village of Great Fransham, Norfolk, to be buried there.

Everything about this case seemed perfectly straightforward—an unfortunate accident due to an elderly, infirm woman dozing in her armchair with an open newspaper, too near a lighted gas fire. A momentary lapse on her part into sleep—the newspaper dropping near the fire before the woman climbed into bed to sleep. Then the paper becoming ignited, and so the outbreak in the room which caused the woman's death.

Those were the known facts about the death of Mrs. Fox, when I went to Margate in company with my assistant, Detective-Sergeant Ayto.

Only the Chief Constable of Margate and myself realised the underlying implications of the tragedy—that Fox had deliberately murdered his mother and staged a fire to cover the crime, in order to secure £3,000 insurance money.

A WOMAN'S shrewd intuition had given the Chief Constable of Margate the first hint that Fox was not all that he pretended to be, and the report of an insurance inspector had indicated that the death of Mrs. Fox was much more than accidental.

The woman was a Mrs. Maud Staines, who occupied a cottage in Margate. Previously she had let lodgings to Fox and his mother, and they had been unable to pay their bill.

When she read the report of the in-

quest in a local newspaper and recognised Fox, she thought it remarkable that these same two people should be occupying apartments in a hotel like the Metropole; that Fox should be telling wonderful stories of having lost money in the fire and about his mother's extensive property. So Mrs. Staines went to the Margate police and recounted what she knew about Sidney Fox and his dead mother.

Regarding the insurance inspector, his information was even more suspicious. He was able to show that Fox had—over a considerable period—taken out daily and weekly policies covering the accidental death of his mother. That was the position when I reached Margate; Fox under arrest on a minor charge and this accumulation of murder suspicion against him.

My first work at Margate, after pro-

(continued on page 30)

Dictatorship?



Be your own Dictator of what you eat or drink—
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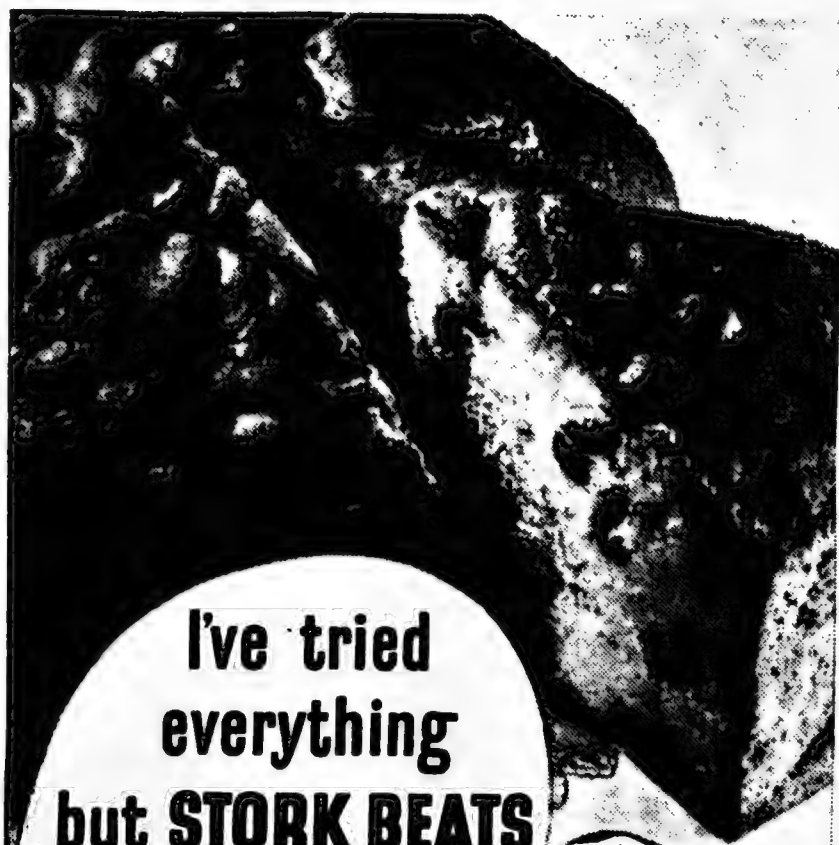
Here you see the world-famous Dionne "Quins" celebrating their second birthday. Look at these happy, full-weight, sturdy children—then recall that at birth they were but frail tiny mites, weighing less than 3 lbs. each. Surely no further proof is needed of the wisdom of the experts in selecting Quaker Oats with its tonic Vitamin B, as the daily food for these precious babies even before they were twelve months old. For just a few pence you

can give your family identically the same breakfast: identical because your Quaker and theirs comes from the same great Quaker Mills in Canada. It is sold only in *sealed packets* to ensure its purity and perfect condition. Ask for *Quick Quaker*—prepared in 4 minutes.



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(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

BED, BOARD AND FALSE TEETH

"To bed and board," said the landlady, presenting her bill to the young man on holiday.

"I thought they were the same thing," replied the young man sadly.

No one likes discomfort, whether they are on holiday or at home. But you certainly needn't have uncomfortable false teeth, that's one sure thing, not if you use the Milton method of cleaning them. Milton fluid is the finest thing for cleaning false teeth that was ever invented. Milton gives you that fresh, healthy feeling in your mouth, that sense of real comfort that no other method can give.

Just a few drops in a tumbler of water when you go to bed. Slip your denture in, and while you sleep Milton does its job. A quick rinse in the morning, and you're ready for the day. None of that greasy feeling, that discomfort of partially cleaned dentures which makes you false-teeth conscious!

R. N. L. writes enthusiastically from Dundee:

"My false teeth were always uncomfortable, until I tried Milton. Now I hardly know I've got them."

And P. Y. from Tavistock is just as keen on Milton, too:

"About a year ago I complained to a friend that my denture was very uncomfortable, and he asked me how I cleaned them. When I told him that I used a scrubbing brush he said I was old-fashioned! Then he told me about Milton fluid—and how easy it was to use. He called it 'the modern way of cleaning false teeth'! Well—I took his advice and was amazed at the difference Milton made. The uncomfortable greasy feeling which I always had in my mouth disappeared at once. My set was comfortable at last—and I hardly realised I had false teeth at all. Since then I have recommended Milton to many friends—and they have been just as amazed as I was."

You'll be amazed, too! Buy a bottle of Milton to-day.



RING UP MY HOME

You may have an address in the telephone book—but is it really and truly your own? Or do you pay for the privilege of living in somebody else's house? If you are weary of rent-paying the Abbey Road Building Society is at your service, to assist you to become the owner of your home.

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Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1.
Sir Harold Bellman, Men: Director

cvs-286

I Unearth BURIED CLUES

(Continued from page 28)

longed consultation with the Chief Constable, was to visit the Hotel Metropole and inspect the two rooms, No. 66, where the "fatal" fire occurred, and No. 67, the adjoining and communicating room, which had been occupied by Fox.

Of course, by the time I reached Margate, these rooms had been reconditioned and the debris cleared away. All the same, I made a personal search.

In the course of it I removed the gas fire in Mrs. Fox's room, and found behind it a screwed-up lead capsule from a bottle of port, and in Fox's room I discovered a half-bottle of port tucked away in the little wash-basin cupboard. Those two finds were to me very significant.

Recollect, I knew the history of Sidney Fox. I knew that some years before he had been associated with a wealthy Australian woman at Southsea, Hampshire. She became infatuated with Fox, and consented not only to insuring her life for £6,000, but to giving him also a promissory note for £5,000. Then she made a will in which she bequeathed all her property—worth about £30,000—to her young admirer.

One night, when they were together at Southsea, Fox dosed this woman with drink. Later that night, when she was in bed, the tap of the gas fire in her room was—without question—deliberately turned on. Only by providential chance was the woman aroused and thus escaped death from gas poisoning.

Evidence pointed to Fox as having been the one who turned on the gas in the bedroom that night, but, although full enquiry was made, provable facts were not sufficient to warrant any charge against the young fellow. But I knew of all this, and naturally my mind was bound to be influenced somewhat when I found signs that old Mrs. Fox had been plied with drink on the evening before her death.

Suspicion is no use, of course, unless confirmed by concrete evidence, and as I have explained, I was not called in until after all debris had been cleared away from the scene of the crime.

All the burnt clothing of Mrs. Fox, together with various personal articles, had been thrown away and placed in the dustbin, which in turn had been emptied long before I arrived upon the scene.

JUST refuse! Yet to me it was more valuable than if it had been bar gold. Tracking garbage may not sound an edifying task; but it had to be done.

Patience rarely goes unrewarded. At last I found that the contents of the hotel dustbins were being dumped with refuse that was forming part of the foundations of a new promenade road between Margate and Westgate. By now, I was assured, the debris I sought must be buried many feet below the surface and hopelessly mixed with tons of other rubbish.

Would it be possible to find the articles I needed? And would the finding—if it took place—prove of significant value? I decided that the work must be carried out.

With the aid of a big excavation gang of Margate council workmen, I had every inch of that dump dug over and sifted. No archaeologist, searching for treasured reliques of a bygone dynasty, ever dug more diligently.

Eventually we found all the articles I wanted and most of them figured later as valuable exhibits in the trial!

My first step was to get everything put back in the rooms as nearly as possible in the positions in which they had been discovered on the night of the crime. Then I had a series of photographs taken for record purposes and proceeded upon a methodical plan of investigation.

I had experiments carried out by Mr. Hammond, chief of the local fire brigade, and from them satisfied myself



The actual room, with the burned armchair, where Mrs. Fox (inset, was found dead

that Fox's story was untrue and that the fire could not possibly have been caused accidentally, but was deliberately started.

One point that made this abundantly clear was this: Mrs. Fox had been sitting—according to Fox—in a chair before the gas fire reading a paper, and the supposition was—also according to Fox—that she let the paper drop just before she got into bed; that the paper had become ignited and from it the fire spread to the general body of the room.

Our experiments proved beyond all doubt that the fire had been started underneath the armchair. There was no area of burning at all between the fireplace and the chair. The whole accidental theory was clearly a fabrication.

HAVING cleared up the point of accident or intent, I asked that Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous Home Office pathologist, might carry out a post-mortem examination of the body of Mrs. Fox. An exhumation order was obtained and on November 9, 1929, I accompanied Sir Bernard Spilsbury to Franscham, Norfolk.

We left his residence in Gower Street at 6 o'clock in the morning. Sir Bernard was driving his own car with me as his passenger. Two hours later we took breakfast at Cambridge, and were at the churchyard by noon.

Really it was a strange exhumation. The grave was at a spot quite close to the roadway and no sort of shelter had been erected. Everything that took place as the grave was opened and the coffin lifted could be seen by the villagers passing along the road.

We carried the coffin to the village schoolroom, and there, upon a temporary trestle table, Sir Bernard Spilsbury undertook his post-mortem examination.

Inspecting the coffin, we noticed that it had been sealed with putty by the Margate undertaker. This was rather an unexpected and advantageous point, for the sealing prevented the processes of decay, consequently the condition of the body was such as to assist a complete post-mortem.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury was able to establish that Mrs. Fox did not die from the effects of the fire. There was no sign of any suffocation. No deposit of soot or smoke was in the air passages, and carbon monoxide was not present in the blood. The cause of death, as discovered by Sir Bernard Spilsbury in my presence, was manual strangulation.

IN the majority of strangling cases there is naturally external bruising caused by pressure. No such bruises were present on the throat of Mrs. Fox. What Sir Bernard Spilsbury did find, however, was a large recent bruise at the back of the larynx, and also another bruise on the tongue. He showed the bruises to the Chief Constable of Norfolk, who was attending the exhumation, and to myself. It was well that he did, for later, in the samples that Sir Bernard took, the bruises disappeared owing to post-mortem changes in the tissue.

Only the sealing of the coffin had maintained the temporary visible indication of those two all-important internal

bruises. Without the sealing they would have disappeared.

By such fortuitous accidents are the little links which make a complete chain of evidence assured.

Well do I remember the drive back from Norfolk to London. Darkness was falling as we left the village, and Sir Bernard Spilsbury took a wrong fork in the road. Soon we were lost in an unknown part of Norfolk. I tried a local inhabitant for directions, but he appeared to be a true simpleton. We could get nothing out of him except vague conversation in the broadest of Norfolk dialects.

Eventually we arrived back on the main road by my climbing up each separate sign-post, striking matches and reading the directions to Sir Bernard. We stopped at Cambridge for dinner, but were not back in London until nearly midnight. A most exhausting but, from my view, a most satisfactory day.

Returned to Margate once more, I had another fire experiment carried out. We lit a fire exactly similar to that which must have occurred in room 66. This took place in a room of the same size. Several of us stood in the smoke, breathing in just as we should have breathed if we had been lying in bed asleep with smoke around us.

AFTERWARDS we blew out our nostrils and cleared our throats. Our air passages, we found, were choked and coated with soot. Yet with Mrs. Fox the air passages were clear of all such signs, although according to the outward evidence—until the examination of Sir Bernard Spilsbury—she had died from suffocation.

At this stage, therefore, I had established two points to my complete satisfaction—the first that the fire in room 66 was not an accidental outbreak but had been caused deliberately, and the second that Mrs. Fox had not been suffocated in the fire but had been murdered by a strangler's hand as she lay sleeping

(continued on page 32)

FINE NEW TREATMENT FOR COLDS & CATARRH.

Easy to make and costs little.

If you suffer from catarrh, head noises or continual buzzing deafness, accompanied by constant dropping of phlegm—which is simply one manifestation of catarrh, here's a fine recipe that has brought a permanent cure in thousands of cases where all other treatments have failed. Get from your chemist 1oz. of Parment Double Strength. Take it home and mix it with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup as directed. Then you have a big bottle of the most effective of all medicines for killing the catarrh germ.

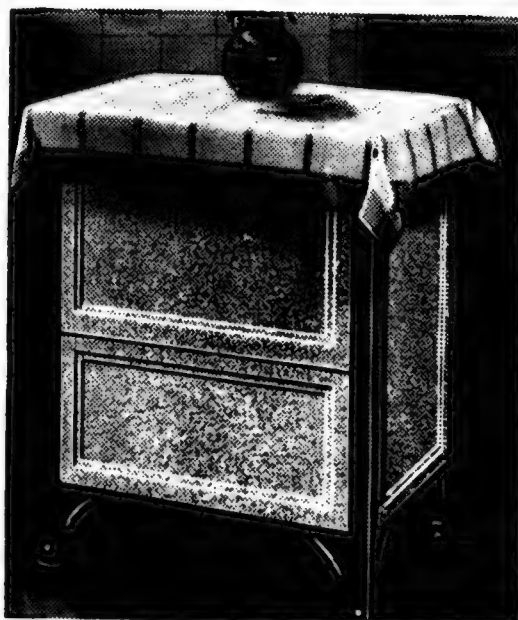
But before you take it, take one of the Parment tablets he will give you with the Parment. It will break the phlegm instantly, thus bringing instant ease to your breathing and relieving your hearing and at the same time allowing the Parment to reach the germs lurking in the phlegm choked passages. You'll be surprised how quickly this simple home made treatment ends catarrh. It's much better than any ready made medicine. So, make a note to get that ounce of Parment Double Strength to-day.

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Yet it's just done a full day's wringing and mangling

"and done it easily too. An ACME wringer makes light even of my load of washing. Oh yes, it's ready for action in half a minute—just watch—and I don't have to ask any-one to help!"

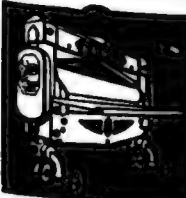
Here in one compact Cabinet are four things without which no Kitchen can be really efficient. First, The ACME Wringer—taking all the toil out



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Muscular action goes on — even during sleep — using up more energy. If Nature can't replace this, you start the day tired.

Horlick's, taken at bedtime, will build up a reserve energy while you sleep. You'll wake feeling fit. Horlick's is economical. Just add water — the milk is in it. Prices from 2/- . Horlick's Mixer 6d. and 1/-.



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This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 14.

Continued from page 30



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SANDWICHES!

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But 2d. will make that "dreary" head a "cheery" head! Yes!—at the world's record bargain price of TWOPENCE—you can actually BUY RELIEF from thumping Headaches, Piercing Neuralgia, Nagging Nerve Pains, Torturing Rheumatism or Back-breaking Lumbago. It sounds marvellous, but Beechams Brand Powders ARE marvellous. They put pain to flight in a few minutes and even a distressing Summer Cold, Chill or Feverish attack can be made to vanish by their wonderful quick-acting medicinal properties. Beechams Powders are a joy to take—so easy and pleasant tasting.

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Cartons of 6 Powders, 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

heavily under the influence of intoxicants.

During our drive back from Norfolk Sir Bernard Spilsbury suddenly put a vital question to me.

"Where are the old lady's false teeth?" he asked in a tone that told me that he had hit upon something big.

I told him that we had not found any false teeth, but he replied that she had bitten her tongue, so must have had teeth in her head when she died. I asked whether marks on the tongue might have been caused by pressure from the gums; but Sir Bernard was positive that the marks had been made by false teeth.

These false teeth gave me some little trouble, but eventually I "ran them down." A chambermaid at the hotel had found them in a basin when clearing up after the fire, and had given them to her friend, the scullerymaid.

THIS girl had been carrying the teeth about in her bag and had dropped and broken them. Luckily the break was not serious. I recovered the dentures and they played their part as an exhibit at the trial. The very fact that they had been found in a basin strengthened the murder theory, as a dead woman could not possibly have walked across the room to deposit them in that basin!

My task now was to continue in the collection of possible evidence against Fox.

I took hundreds of statements with the assistance of Sergeant Ayto. From the staff at the hotel and the visitors who had been there we reconstructed all that had happened during Fox's stay there from October 16 until the night of the woman's murder.

We learned how Fox told fantastic stories—how he complained of the rooms first occupied by his mother and himself as being too cold, and therefore he was given other rooms—66 and 67—in which gas fires were fitted.

It was clear from one statement to us that Fox, a few days before he killed his mother, read in the newspaper the report of an inquest on a woman who was burned to death while sitting in front of a gas fire reading a newspaper.

Personally, I have very little doubt that for some months Fox had been turning over in his mind a plan to murder his mother, but he wanted to do it safely. It was this inquest report that finally suggested to him the idea of the fire.

Our investigations took us to many places. We visited Brighton, Canterbury, Dover, Folkestone, Shanklin, Southsea, Chatham, Norwich and Lowestoft. At all of these we learned something more about Fox.

THE insurance side of this story business was illuminating. I learned that from May 1 of that year until the date of his mother's death he had taken out a daily insurance policy on her life on no fewer than 167 days out of a total of 176.

The sums, which would normally have been payable to him on his mother's death by accidental violence, amounted to no less than £3,000. All this money would have been his, under the mother's will, signed by her—but drafted by him—in the previous April.

Fox was not discreet in his dealings with the insurance companies, for I ascertained he had asked incautious questions when taking out policies, such as "Will the policy cover my mother in the event of her being drowned in a bath?" "Will it cover if she dies as a result of ptomaine poisoning?"

Another observation, significant in the light of events, was made by Fox to an employee at the hotel. She asked him how his mother was, and Fox replied, "She's very much better. We have had a sham fight, as we sometimes do when she feels fit."

This callous young man was thus preparing everything in advance. The anecdote about the sham fight was, I am sure, to account for any bruises which might have been found on the body of the mother.

Tracing back the movements of Fox

A Murderer's 'AMEN!'



The last of Sidney Fox—the notice being posted outside Maidstone jail after his execution

and his mother, I discovered that he had victimised hotel proprietors in nearly a score of towns. The joint income of this couple was only 18s. a week.

On that they toured the country, staying at expensive hotels, running up substantial bills and leaving without paying their account.

Eventually I reached the day when my report was complete, together with the statements of all the people whom I thought it might be necessary to call in any murder charge against Fox. These documents were, of course, submitted to the Director of Public Prosecutions for his consideration.

It was decided that Fox should be charged with the murder of his mother.

Until that moment I had deliberately refrained from seeing Fox or letting him see me, although he had been at the police court at Margate on several occasions in connection with the fraud charges against him.

He was in a room adjoining the police court when I went to him. He was then a young man, aged thirty-one years, slightly under the average height but sturdily built and physically strong.

He had a clean-shaven regularly formed face, rather round-shaped mouth and blue eyes; one who might reasonably be accepted on outward appearance as a decent, honest fellow with a quiet, convincing but rather affected manner of speech.

I easily recognised him, in spite of the passing of the years, as the bogus Royal Flying Corps officer whom I arrested during the war.

I walked up to Fox and Inspector Palmer, who is now Chief Constable of Margate, read the murder charge—that he did "feloniously kill and murder..." his mother, and asked him if he had anything to say in answer to the charge.

He gave scarcely any sign of outward emotion. His composure was perfect; all he said in answer to this terrible accusation was to murmur casually: "I must consult my solicitor."

This was the first case on record in this country of a son murdering his mother for money, and the trial at Lewes Assizes, before Mr. Justice Rowlatt, created the criminal sensation of the time.

FROM another aspect the trial was extremely interesting. It was the first occasion in which that splendid advocate, Sir William Jowitt, K.C., then Attorney-General in the Labour Government, led on a murder indictment. He was assisted by the famous criminal barrister, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C.

One extraordinary thing happened during the trial. A thunderstorm broke immediately above the court when Fox,

fighting for his life, was in the witness-box. His evidence was broken by peals of thunder, while the growing darkness of the court was pierced by the vivid lightning flashes.

Fox never wavered in his self-possession, even under the closest cross-examination of the Attorney-General, and it was a cross-examination by Sir William Jowitt at his best.

The issue of the case turned on a conflict of medical testimony. The defence brought forward eminent medical men who disagreed with the conclusions drawn by Sir Bernard Spilsbury from his post-mortem observations.

ONE of the defence medical witnesses was that genial, lovable Irishman, the late Dr. Bronté, who frequently acted for the Crown. Another was Professor Sidney Smith, Regius Professor of Forensic Medicine at Edinburgh University, who, when he was medico-legal expert to the Government of Egypt, had met with many cases involving manual strangulation.

It is interesting to recall that Professor Smith played a prominent part on the side of the prosecution in the case against Dr. Buck Ruxton at the Lancashire Assizes.

Despite an intense medical battle, the jury, after a comparatively short absence, found Fox guilty. When sentenced to death Sidney Fox—thorough-paced hypocrite and callous murderer—bent his head and murmured the one word, "Amen."

This Fox case brought me personal grief as well as success. A few months afterwards Sergeant Ambrose Ayto, my loyal assistant, died. I shall always mourn his loss. He was a most capable officer and one destined—had he lived—to high rank in the Metropolitan Police service.

Pale, Thin and Anæmic

"Last September I had twelve teeth extracted, and as a result I became very run-down," states Mrs. E. Marsh, of 4, Lowman Road, London, N.7. "I grew pale and anæmic and lost weight rapidly. I had no appetite, couldn't sleep, and suffered acutely from depression. I was very irritable and nervous, and had such terrible head pains that I thought I should go out of my mind. I was fit for nothing."

"After trying various remedies without avail, my mother advised me to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. I felt the benefit almost at once; my appetite picked up, and the head pains ceased off. My nerves grew steady, and I was able to sleep well. As I continued with the pills, I began to pick up my lost weight, and now I am as well as ever I have been."

There is a scientific reason behind the wonderful results obtained from Dr. Williams' brand pink pills. In simple language it is this: these pills actually create red, rich blood, which gives new life and energy to the whole body. You too can gain new health by taking a course of these pills; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.



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Unless a pint of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those a pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

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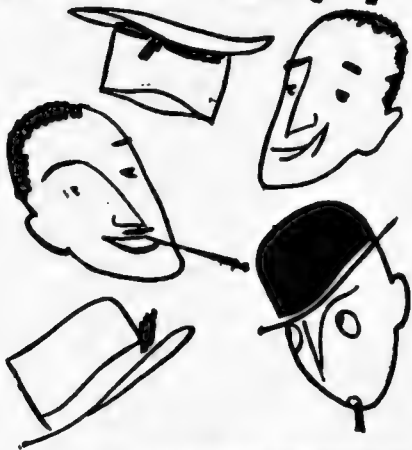
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Strictly Anonymous..

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul. Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden. We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

I WAS passing a hospital the other day when my husband, noticing four men in hospital blue sitting in wheel chairs at the gates, said to me suddenly: "Strange, isn't it, that the tragedies of the war still go on round us, and we never think of them until we see something to remind us?"

He didn't notice it, but I turned faint at those words. The traffic, the people round me, went shadowy.

For I am just as much a victim of the war as those men I saw in hospital blue. I wonder how many of those who read these words will think so?

It was just before the war began that my story starts. I was seventeen then. I met and fell in love with a handsome, impulsive boy, who was a few years my senior.

He was so burningly ardent in his love for me that when he asked me to marry him I consented at once. The world seemed to be made into a hundred times brighter place by his very words.

Then, the war having broken out since he met me, he joined the Army. So desperate was the need to send troops to France to relieve the pressure on the Regular troops that he was rushed out of the country half-trained, before we could fulfil our mutual dream of marriage.

And almost as soon as I became aware of one tremendous happening that was impending in my life, I heard of another. My fiancé was dead—killed on his first entry into the line. And I was left alone to fend for the little life that was coming—the life, I knew, it would have been his joy to tend.

MY mother was completely estranged by the news I conveyed in a letter almost inconceivable.

I turned to an aunt in my desperation and she recommended that I should get a job in domestic service. And so it came about that I took a job in the house of a very good woman to whom I was soon compelled to describe my plight, but who was kindness itself.

"I suppose it is hard for us old people to realise the differences war brings," she told me. Anyhow, while she upbraided me on my wickedness, she also made arrangements for me to go into a home at the proper time—and promised me my job back into the bargain.

Well, while I was in the nursing home with my baby an idea came to me. I wrote a letter to a very dear friend of my aunt, a married woman with no children, and told her my whole miserable story.

The day after she came to see me. She fell in love with my little John at once—indeed, it was she who suggested the name John for him. The next time she came she brought her husband with her. And it was not long before they had promised to adopt my baby as their own, promising me—it was as much their wish as mine—that not a single soul should be told my story, not even my aunt, whom they saw very infrequently.

I went back to my former mistress

What a Party!

Mickey and Minnie Mouse are eight years old. You can guess what fun they had. Donald gave a Scrap Book—Goofy made the cake—someone even "crashed" into the party—could it be Clarabelle?

You'll roar with laughter when you see it pictured on the cover of "Mickey Mouse Weekly" OUT-TO-DAY price 2d. everywhere.



"Sometimes I hungered for my child with an awful longing . . ."

TRUTH that Frightens ME

after that. Then I heard that my mother had died—and then that my poor father, overcome by this new tragedy in his life, had passed away, too.

Yet there was a measure of happiness in the years that followed. My mistress was one of the best friends a woman ever had. And on top of that—it was the greatest joy of my life—I was allowed to spend my holiday with John's "mother" and "father."

Sometimes I hungered for him with an awful longing as I held him in my arms in those days when we could play together. But the fact that he was getting a better chance in life than if he were with me, and that he revelled in my company, anyhow—these things would be solace.

And here I must come to one particular holiday with John, now grown to the importance of a four-year-old gentleman of very dominating ways. John's "father," who was a bank cashier, introduced me to a colleague in the bank. I discerned at once that this man was "interested"—and when he went to great pains to call on me three times in my remaining week of holiday, I guessed it was no ordinary interest.

AND two years later we were married. In the weeks before the wedding the three people most interested in my little son—his supposed parents, and his real mother, myself—discussed whether my prospective husband should be told the truth. I felt it would be more honest, but the others, fearing that in some way they might lose their little "son," disagreed.

And so, in the next few years, they continued as the parents of the little fellow, and I, now the proud mother of a little daughter, found life becoming sweeter with every passing day.

Until Fate struck, viciously, cruelly. . . . The man and woman who had helped me so much in my hour of trial were killed in a road accident. Their motor-cycle combination struck the back of a lorry. John's "father" was killed

outright, and his "mother" lived long enough to say that they left John in my care.

And so, in the years that followed, two children played about my home never guessing that I was the mother of them both.

And in every waking hour of my life I found one dreadful question hammering away in my brain: "What if they should fall in love?"

Well, the answer is not far away. I am living through purgatory as I see that answer framing itself under my very eyes.

I have noticed during the last few months that the friendship between John and Mary has increased until it has become something far, far stronger than friendship. John told my husband in October last that he thinks a tremendous amount of Mary.

And Mary has told me with shining eyes that John is the finest boy she knows. No, it hasn't got beyond that seemingly mild stage. There has been no talk about marriage.

BUT that is dreadful enough in all conscience for a woman who holds so awful a secret as mine.

What I have suffered, am suffering now, no one knows. I daren't tell my husband. I dare not do it. I dare not. The years of fretting have played such havoc with my nerves.

Yet I know too well the possible consequences if John and Mary should marry and have children. I must prevent it. I must, I must.

Yet, torn between the knowledge that I can't tell the dreadful truth and that it is equally certain that I can't see my own dear children ruin their lives, what can I do?

SCRAMBLED LEGS!



Talk about a scramble—it's like a goldrush the way some families dive for the table at mealtimes! Eyes shining! Mouths watering! Everybody tucking in with gusto! Expensive foods? Not a bit of it! Just a touch of Pan Yan and ordinary meals become a real treat. For Pan Yan not only tastes delicious—it stimulates gastric juices too. So you digest your food better, and feel grand!

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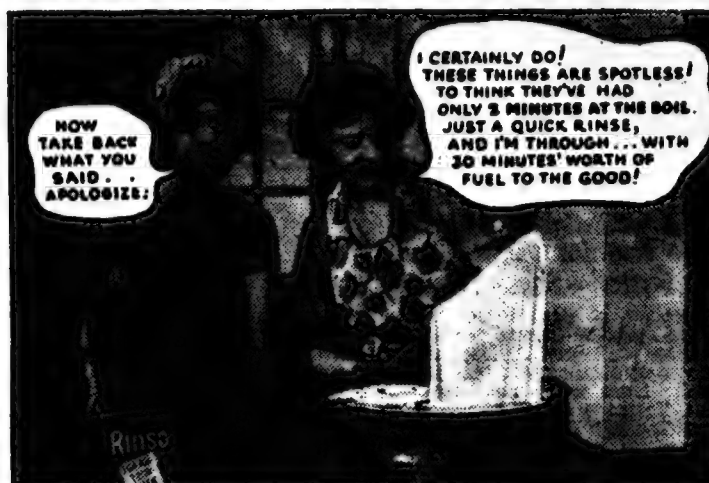
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What do you think is going to keep him fit all winter? Allinson Windmill Oats, of course! They are the finest Scotch Oats—the best of the best in the world. And remember—they take only 3 minutes to cook!

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WINDMILL Oats
7½ Packet
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boil and then boiled for 2 minutes. That's all. No hard rubbing. More than 25 minutes' worth of fuel saved. Everything will be out on the line hours sooner . . . and looking brilliant, too.



HARD RUBBING CUT OUT BY 12-MINUTE SOAK

Here's the second fact revealed by the tests: clothes that don't need boiling, or can't stand hot water, can be soaked clean in 12 minutes in warm Rinso suds. Rinso saves you hard rubbing and backache—and money, too, because it does your whole

wash for you entirely alone and unaided. Rinso will give you a dazzling wash—but a safe one, for there are no destructive chemicals in it. Get Rinso for next wash-day! Remember, 2 minutes' boiling, or 12 minutes' soaking—



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The Guarantee appears in this issue on page 14.



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Nobody except a doctor is better qualified to advise about digestive troubles than a chemist. His custom depends to no small degree on his advice being good. Here is a chemist who would not hesitate for a moment to recommend Digestif Rennie Pastilles to any indigestion sufferer. Why? Because, in his own words, he "suffered a thousand hells" from indigestion himself, till he tried Digestif Rennie. "Your sample of Digestif Rennie Pastilles arrived at a most opportune moment as I was suffering a thousand hells from indigestion. I put two in my mouth and within five minutes I felt the benefit of them. Since then I have taken two after each meal, and for the first time for months I have had great relief. They are without doubt the best I have tried, and that's a good many. I'll push them hard, because they have given me a new lease of life."

R. B., Chemist, Fifehire.

The 15 ingredients of Digestif Rennie attack all the causes of indigestion directly. Effective acids neutralise the excess acid which delays the normal digestive processes. Other ingredients absorb stomach gas and increase the circulation of blood to the stomach, and one actually helps to digest food for you! The pastilles taste just like sweets. They dissolve in the mouth without water—thus entering the stomach undiluted and bringing quicker relief. Each tablet is separately wrapped in wax paper, and convenient to carry. Get some "Rennies" to-day.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet



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Smoke penetrates—that's the secret of the effectiveness of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes (no tobacco). As the warm vapours are inhaled they penetrate deep through the breathing passages in nose and throat, deposit helpful medication on the irritated membranes, soothe them, loosen phlegm, relieve congestion, make breathing easier. Effective in all Catarrhal Congestion, over-coughing Coughs and Colds. At all Chemists, or for FREE SAMPLE CIGARETTES—address Dr. Blosser, Ltd., Dept. 121 MS, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

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If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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1/3 and larger from Chemists. Or direct from YADIL (1935), LTD. (Dept. L.B.), Springfield, London, E.5.



PATRICIA MAGUIRE, thirty-one-year-old beauty, lies in an enchanted sleep like the lovely princess of the fairy tale.

Four years ago, a laughing, happy young woman, Patricia bade her mother "Good-night."

"Kiss me, Mum," she said, and, without a single care, went off to bed.

But when morning came Patricia did not wake.

As though under some magic spell, the sleeper slept and has continued to sleep until this day.

Doctors and specialists have examined Patricia at her home in Chicago, but modern science has no magic whereby this eerie spell of sleep's oblivion can be lifted from the sleeping victim.

Patricia sleeps, but why she sleeps science cannot really explain.

All that these medical pundits can do is to prophesy. And Patricia, they say, may sleep until, an old woman, she passes from a living death to that sleep from which there can be no awakening whatever.

TEN years ago seventeen-year-old Doris Hinton, of Chilwell, near Nottingham, was listening to the radio.

Suddenly she fell back. When she was lifted up it was seen that her eyes were closed, but that she showed no signs of being in a faint.

Doris was put to bed, but after a long night's rest she failed to wake. It was the start of a sleep that lasted nearly a year.

During that time, like most such cases, Doris did not appear to suffer physically. She ate and drank and preserved her general health in every way.

When, at long last, Doris showed signs of returning consciousness, it was but partial.

Even at the end of two years she was unable to speak and answered questions only by moving her fingers.

So much interest was aroused by this

Greatest of These

Anxiety

MAGGIE'S father was discharged from the Army with epilepsy during the war. He has since been working in farm service at 32s. per week. He is often away from work on account of asthma, and then he receives only 18s. a week sickness benefit.

Maggie is causing her mother grave anxiety, as she has been suffering from a septic throat.

Maggie's mother thus spends her life in a vain endeavour to scrape together enough to meet the doctor's bills. "My health has broken down," she says, "with so much worry."

This breakdown has meant having to use money saved for doctor's bills to pay someone to look after herself and the children, the youngest of whom is four.

The vicar writes of Maggie's parents that they have made a very honest effort to pay their way. He considers them "most worthy of help."

The best help and the best tonic for Maggie and her mother will be if our tender-hearted readers will send donations earmarked "Maggie" to enable her and the four delicate little girls to gain strength and happiness.

Donations earmarked "Maggie," and for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



As though under a magic spell, Patricia Maguire has been sleeping for four years. She may sleep on until she is an old woman . . . the baffled doctors cannot tell

strange case that the Duchess of Portland paid for an eminent specialist to examine the sleeper.

But science was unable to advance beyond conjecture. The patient had no visible physical disease. Was her condition due, then, to some form of mental abnormality?

There is a good deal of evidence to support the theory that in many cases of trance the causes are mental and not physical. And the amazing case of C. H. Peacey, a well-known Rugby footballer, well illustrates this.

During the war, Mr. Peacey was in the tank attack on Kemmel (February, 1917), and was inside a tank when it received a direct hit.

For the next four months Corporal Peacey remained unconscious. He had received serious wounds, but these scarcely explained the long sleep of four months that battle had imposed upon him.

Now it is with the subsequent history of this victim of trance-like sleep, or life-like death, that science is most concerned.

Discharged towards the end of 1917, Mr. Peacey returned to his home in Gloucester, married and settled down.

HIS first civilian job brought on terrible headaches—it was at an ironfounder's—so he gave it up.

Here it is necessary to point out how the noise of the ironfoundry may have suggested to this ex-Serviceman's unconscious memory of battle the danger of war.

In any case, he left it, and decided for the sea, signed on with a ship and sailed for Portland, Maine.

There he went ashore, and then, for ten years, not a single word was heard of him.

But shortly after Mr. Peacey landed at Portland the police found a man wandering who could give no coherent account of himself.

They decided that he must be an

American soldier suffering from shell-shock, and took him to an American military hospital. There this victim of a waking sleep remained for ten years. Memory, or an awakening, came as suddenly as the first deep trance had fallen upon the victim of it.

And thus, after ten years, Mr. Peacey found himself back in his native town.

And then it was to find that his wife had taken him long since for dead, and had married again!

One of the strange aspects of these prolonged and mysterious sleeps is the suddenness of their commencement and the complete wiping out of the time sense when the sleeper finally wakes.

Little Lichagina Evodokiya fell asleep when she was ten and woke ten years later and remarked: "I am hungry." She had no idea that she had had more than a nap.

Neither had a woman of Limoges, who one evening sent her husband to enquire after her ailing father.

When he returned he found his wife asleep, and nothing availed to wake her for four months. Then, as though nothing had happened, she remarked: "How is father? You haven't been long."

ALTHOUGH the causes are obscure, in many cases of prolonged trance a careful examination of the patient has revealed shock.

Take the most amazing case of living death on record, that of Margaret Bangarel, who became famous as the Dormouse of Menelles.

When she was little more than a girl she married and had a baby. Unhappiness pursued her. Her husband deserted her. Her baby died; she was accused of murdering it.

When the police visited her cottage to arrest her, Margaret Bangarel first protested her innocence of the crime and then sank to the floor.

Thus began a sleep that lasted the astounding period of twenty years. It was a sleep that ended only with the death of the sleeper in 1903.

There are probably two main causes of such long trances. The first is shock, the second actual physical disease.

In the first case the patient really desires to escape or run away from the trials, dangers and troubles of life.

In the second—known as encephalitis lethargica—the cause is physical and, possibly, infectious. In any case, it is one of the notifiable diseases.

It is naturally with the first class of trance that the psychologist is concerned. "They are," said Dr. Bernard Hollander, "psychological and physiological, and modern research dealing with them is still in its infancy."

RHEUMATISM

A 'mystery' remedy

It is an old saying that "you can't keep a good man down." You might say the same about a good cure for rheumatism, as many rheumatic sufferers have good reason to know.

How it came about is a mystery. Until recently Fynnon Salt had hardly been heard of. Then, quite suddenly, sufferers began talking about it. Doctors wrote praising it. In every case where it was tried, Fynnon Salt produced the most astonishing results. Rheumatism rapidly disappeared—in some cases where nothing in the world had ever done any good at all.

The reputation of Fynnon Salt spread like wildfire. Chemists couldn't make it out. Here was a little-known salt "selling like hot cakes" through sheer, personal recommendation from one rheumatic sufferer to another. Although it is better known now, you are lucky if you get a tin when you want one because the demand is so great. If you suffer from rheumatism, try to get a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt. It really is the most remarkable remedy for rheumatism.

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GNS.**



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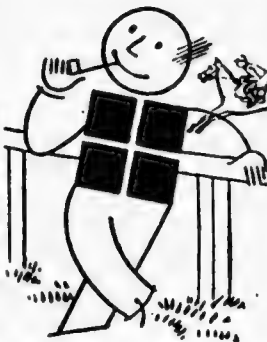
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BY means of a wonderful discovery by a leading British Hair Specialist, everyone from the twenties to the eighties can secure a good head of natural coloured hair.

Doctors and Hair specialists have been amazed at the marvellous cases in which people, bald for years, some of them even in the nineties, have grown new hair by the use of Renair Pomade, the unfailing success of which alone makes possible this unique or "Money-Back Offer."

If your hair is weak, lacking in lustre, commencing to thin at temples or crown, or even if you have been quite bald for years, obtain from your Chemist or Hairdresser, Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., a 3/- Carton of

FREDERICK GODFREY'S RENAIR POMADE

use half of contents; if not satisfied, return remainder to Mr. Godfrey and your 3/- will be refunded.

LADIES—and Men also—will find in the combination non-greasy preparation, RENAIR ANTISEPTIC STIMULATING HAIR TONIC—also sold by Chemists and Hairdressers (at 1/9 per bottle) under similar guarantee of "Satisfaction or Money back"—a speedy, certain method whereby the hair is endowed with a new growth of healthy, natural and colourful luxuriance.

If any difficulty in obtaining either preparation, write at once to F. Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.



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The most agonising and obstinate corns can be quickly and completely removed by a 'Reudel Salts' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Salts' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns. Try it yourself and end the misery of corns without delay.

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Only in YELLOW packets
1/6—large size 2/6.

"MORNING MOUTH"

IS NATURE'S WARNING:
YOU'RE NOT WELL!

The cause of a foul-tasting mouth first thing in the morning is in your stomach. "Morning mouth" is a sure sign that your system contains decayed food waste matter that is poisoning your whole body. The immediate results are headaches, bad breath, flatulence, bad skin and depression. The eventual results of stomach disorders and constipation, however, may be serious organic disease. Feen-a-mint rids you of "Morning mouth" because it cleanses your system thoroughly, quickly and naturally, giving you a clear complexion, bright eyes, "sweet" breath and vitality. Start Feen-a-mint to-day and such health as you never knew before will be yours. Feen-a-mint's fresh mint flavour makes it a favourite with the whole family, and 15 million regular users testify to its popularity. Sold in 1/3 packets by chemists and stores everywhere.

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Loose and slipping plates can be made to hold with complete firmness and comfort—all day long—by lightly sprinkling the plates with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of chemists everywhere.

Fifty-Fifty in Marriage

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

by

PHILIP INMAN

THE remarkable fact about marriage is not that it sometimes fails but that it endures at all. Think what it means. After a wedding ceremony a man and a girl live together in the closest of all relationships. They may have been brought up in vastly different circumstances and surroundings. They may possess conflicting thoughts, dispositions, temperaments.

Is it surprising, therefore, that husbands and wives don't always see eye to eye on every question? It would be a miracle if they did. And if that happened my task as Humanist would be measurably lightened.

Let us look at some of the domestic problems I am asked to solve. A husband writes:

I am a married man with two children, the younger of whom is three years old. For some years now I have been engaged in public life, being an active member of an association which takes up some of my spare time, and also a member of the local authority.

I get invitations to attend functions such as dances, social gatherings, etc., but unfortunately I am not able to persuade my wife to accompany me.

She gives as a reason that she has enough to do at home and also that she does not like dancing. Consequently, if I attend any functions I have to go alone, which to my mind is not as it should be. My view is that a married man should be accompanied by his wife on these occasions, even although she may not altogether like the social round.

My wife has her own evening out with a friend, and we can arrange for someone to stay in the house to look after the children when we wish to go out. Perhaps you would advise me on the matter.

There is a far more common complaint than this one. It comes from women who tell me that their husbands never take them anywhere. I shall deal with two of those cases later in this article.

So far as this man is concerned I am entirely on his side. His wife's attitude is really childish.

When we were kiddies we used to say, "I don't like this" or "I don't like that." And "I don't like dancing" is the plaint of this woman. Probably not, but most of us have to do things we don't like.

Besides, they are not all dances to which her husband invites her. She could go with him to some of the other "social gatherings."

But "I have enough to do at home," she argues. Then how can she find time to go out with a friend for one evening in the week? Surely her husband ought to come first.

This man and his wife ought to reach an amicable arrangement. "I will come out with you occasionally to the places you like," he can say, "and I think you should come with me to those functions which I am expected to attend." And by going fifty-fifty the wishes of both should be achieved.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture, presented by a wife of nineteen, who says her husband is twenty-four and that they have one baby boy:

When we were courting my husband and I used to go sometimes to dances and the cinema, but since our marriage he

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Assessment Notices, now being received by Tax-payers, should be carefully perused to see that the new rates of relief are granted.

Where children have been born or new insurances taken out since the Returns were sent in, adjustments should be claimed. In cases of doubt, our Expert will be pleased to assist you.

Queries should be addressed to the Income Tax Expert, JOHN BULL, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

does not think we should do any of these things. I tell him we are only young once, and we ought to enjoy life while we can. I know he is older than I am, and I wonder if he is right. He is good in every way and never goes out and leaves me alone. He has a good job, and perhaps I ought to consider myself lucky to be happily married and not bother about these pleasures—but, after all, one must have a change occasionally.

I find difficulty in giving advice on this case. "My husband does not think we should have any outside pleasures," says my correspondent. But she does not give me his reason. Possibly he feels that the home and its expenses are as much as he can manage comfortably at present.

For a young man of twenty-four he has a heavy responsibility in a wife, a house and a baby. And he may feel that he wants them to be secured for the future.

Or this husband may be concerned about the baby. This girl does not say if she has relations or friends in whose care the little one could be left. Most parents have their freedom curtailed when children come along. But they find there are compensations which make up for anything they may lose. If these are the reasons which influence this young man then there is a good deal to be said for his contention.

But he must be careful not to carry it to extremes. His work takes him away during the day but his wife is tied to her home and her baby. After all, she says, one must have a change occasionally. And I agree. A little celebration could quite easily be arranged for the red-letter days of the year—birthdays, the wedding anniversary, the Bank Holidays.

These things would, I am sure, meet my correspondent's wishes. They should be possible without clashing seriously with her husband's point of view.

This young wife is fortunate in that she has a happy home, a good husband and a baby boy. That is not the case with my next correspondent, who writes:

MY home life is spoilt because my husband is a real bookworm. He spends every available minute reading and he has a book in his hands during every meal. Even when I speak to him he still goes on reading and I can never get a word out of him.

If only he would have a friendly chat about the day's happenings or anything else, life would be so much happier.

He is so mad on books that everything else is too trivial for him to talk about. This has been going on since our marriage seven years ago, and I should be most grateful if you could suggest something to make things easier for me.

What a selfish brute this man must be. He evidently regards his wife as a slave—somebody to get his meals ready and keep the house clean and tidy. That is not marriage—it is servitude.

If his wife is agreeable to his having leisure to read, he in turn should put his books aside for at least one or two



The wife who won't go out socially with her husband when his business compels him to is not keeping her part of the marriage bargain

evenings in the week and devote them to whatever form of recreation she wishes.

I think she should make this suggestion to him, and I hope it will lead him to a fairer and more considerate way of thinking. If he will not agree, then this woman should say, "For all my company means to you I might as well not be here." And she would be justified in finding a woman friend or friends with whom she could enjoy relaxation and recreation.

Otherwise her life will be "all work and no play." The trouble with some men is that they take their womenfolk for granted. But marriage is a partnership in which husband and wife have equal rights. Sensible folk recognise that fact.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 is. will be paid for each letter quoted.

SEVERE PAINS IN THE STOMACH

Everyone who has endured the torment of stomach pains will sympathise with Mr. Pittcock, of Sandwich. Many who still suffer with stomach trouble can benefit from his experience. If you neglect nature's warning you may be faced with serious danger. If you do as Mr. Pittcock did—as tens of thousands of stomach sufferers have done—then you have no need to fear.

Mr. Pittcock writes:— "I was suffering agony with pains in the stomach, wind round the heart and loss of appetite. I tried medicine, tablets and various other remedies, but seemed to get worse instead of better."

"A friend recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and I purchased a bottle. After one dose I felt relief and now, after a fortnight's treatment I am well again; all pain has gone and my appetite is practically normal."

Now remember, for your own sake, the very next time you feel pains in the stomach—low, over slight they may be—go out and get a bottle of the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Make sure the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" is on the bottle. Then you are certain of quick relief from stomach discomfort—protected against all threats of serious developments. 1/3, 2/- and 4/- powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

JACK HULBERT

is another *Berkeley* enthusiast and says "WHEN I SPEND AN EVENING AT HOME I LIKE COMFORT and RELAXATION"



Photo by courtesy of Gaumont British



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(Signed) JACK HULBERT.

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THERE ARE THREE KINDS OF WOMEN WHO NEED A TONIC

Avoid superficial "tonics" that lift you up and then let you down. You need a tonic that will build you up permanently, and make you a really new person.

THERE'S hardly a woman in Great Britain who doesn't sometimes need a tonic. Which kind of woman are you?

- 1. THE TIRED, ACHING WOMAN**
Her work seems never done. She gets aches in the legs and back. When she rises in the morning, she's more tired than when she went to bed.
- 2. THE JUMPY, NERVY WOMAN**
The noise of a door slamming, or a bell ringing, goes right through her head. She gets scared of people in the street. She can't sleep properly.
- 3. The WEAK, DEPRESSED WOMAN**
She's always getting ill. She feels dull and listless, and can't bear meeting people.

What women don't generally realise is that all these three conditions have just one cause. Their blood and nerve-cells are weak and underfed, through overwork or illness.

Don't take superficial "tonics" that just give you a lift for a few hours—they let you down badly afterwards.

There's one tonic that's specially prepared, from a famous doctor's prescription, to get at the cause, and build up your weakened blood and nerve-cells. That one tonic is Hall's Wine.

NEW STRENGTH IN THIRTY SECONDS

The amazing thing about Hall's Wine is that it actually starts to pour new strength into you within thirty seconds—this has been scientifically proved. And the good effect is lasting, too!

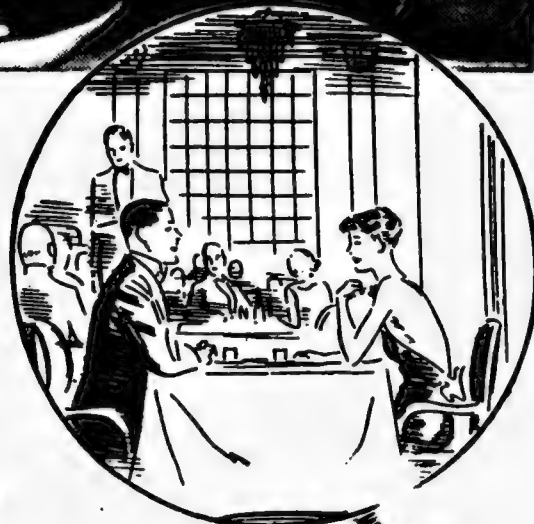
Fellow Doctors' Advice

Follow the advice given by hundreds of doctors and nurses—take Hall's Wine two or three times a day. In a few days, you'll look and feel ten years younger—"nerves" and tiredness will completely disappear. Start on Hall's Wine today!

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 5/6, smaller size 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

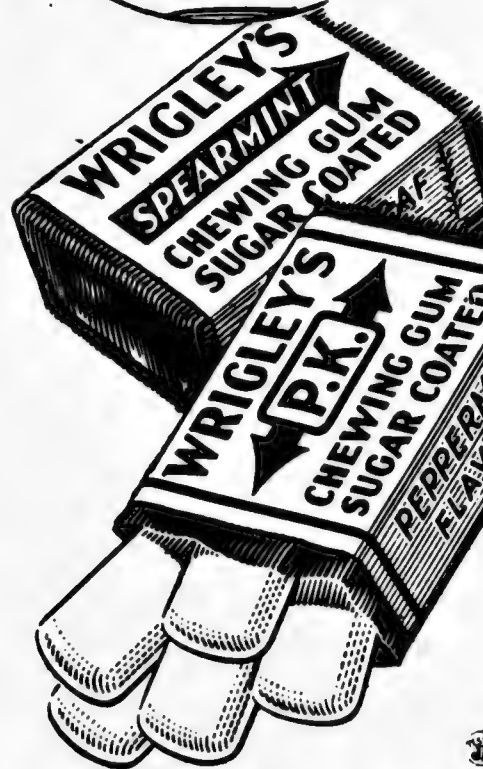


after every meal



Helps to preserve teeth

You enjoyed eating that meal—so enjoy it without regrets. Give your digestion the help that WRIGLEY'S brings. You'll like the clean, refreshing taste anyway, and besides you will do your teeth endless good. WRIGLEY'S is one of the things doctors and dentists agree about!



WRIGLEY'S

AIDS DIGESTION — FRESHENS THE MOUTH

**The thinner
paper
for finer
Smokes**

DAVID COPE
 & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
 227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

He gallily ran away to the near-by swings and was soon flying through the air. A few moments later the whole structure collapsed and he lay motionless on the ground. "Killed instantly," announced a doctor. Yes, killed—through my generosity.—W. D. Essex.



HOW THIN NERVY WRECK Became Vital ATTRACTIVE WOMAN



Great Nerve and
Body-Building
Triumph



**PUT
ON
35 lbs.
IN
42 DAYS**

**Graceful
Curves and
Vibrant
Health for
All!**

I cannot praise "IRVONA" too highly for the good it has done me. I was a complete nervous wreck and very thin, but after taking "IRVONA" for six weeks I am a changed woman. I have gained two and a half stone since starting the treatment and am still adding to my weight. The hollows filled up wonderfully, and I feel splendid. Friends are all complimenting me on my appearance. Really it is wonderful what "IRVONA" can do.
Gratefully yours,
(Sgd.) DORIS LEE.

All over the country, people are talking of the wonderful power of "IRVONA" (Brand) the Great Nerve and Body Builder which is transforming nervy, thin, underweight and weakly men and women into veritable "artists' models" of figure perfection and form. Not the least of its wonderful triumphs is told in the grateful letter alongside which tells how a woman, once a skinny and nervous wreck, put on no less than 35 lbs. of firm, solid, beauty-bringing flesh in only 42 days.

BE AN IDEAL WOMAN

"IRVONA" (Brand) indeed makes it possible for YOU to be an ideal woman—the woman whom men prefer... the woman who possesses personality and pep, subtle curves and overflowing vivacity!

No more need a Skinny, Scraggy Frame... a Pallid, Unhealthy Complexion... a Nervy, Debilitated Constitution rob you of the delights of Friendship, steal from you the fruits of Success, the glamour of Romance! You may be the centre of an admiring group wherever you go! Scientific research has solved the mystery of Body-Building... Skinny, Weak People can now possess the Dominant Personality and Figure Perfection, the High-Spirited Health and Youthful Vigour which are the birthright of the Robust and Strong!

"IRVONA" (Brand) accomplishes veritable "miracles" in transforming pallid, unhealthy, under-nourished and puny men and women! It does this by virtue of its wonderful power to increase and fortify that nervous force which enables you to extract more nourishment from every morsel of food you eat. "IRVONA" (Brand) contains carefully balanced proportions of Calcium, Iron and Phosphorus and thus builds up nerve and brain power while it improves the tone and condition of the blood! The result is striking and inspiring... hollows fill up... angles are replaced by subtle curves... the body becomes filled with vibrant health and vitality... in next to no time you feel a new person... and in a short week or two you look a new person... admiring glances follow you wherever you go! Why not experience NOW what "IRVONA" will do for YOU.

If you are a Skinny Man

with Sunken Chest—
Match-Stick Limbs—
Pale Cheeks and Weak
Appearance, prove
NOW how "Irvona"
Brand Nerve and Body
Builder will give you
A strong healthy figure,
Firm well-moulded limbs
A dominating presence and
manly appearance,
Great stamina and increased
strength,
The figure of an Apollo!



MONEY-BACK OFFER

The Sponsors of "IRVONA" (Brand) are so convinced that good results will follow its use that they offer to supply through any Chemist—or direct—one week's treatment (1/3 post free) on the distinct understanding that any purchaser who fails to experience sufficient improvement to justify a continuance of the remedy may receive a refund of the full purchase money from the address below.

**1/3 1 WEEK'S
3/- 3 WEEKS'
5/- 6 WEEKS'
SUPPLY**

IRVONA

Brand
NERVE & BODY BUILDER

Save Money
by
Purchasing
the Larger
Sizes.

Obtainable from all Chemists, or post free by sending the price.
IRVONA Dept. 29G; 1, Gresse Street, London, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors, The London & Colonial Export Co., Ltd.



Mother's Mother knows the Worth of Beechams Pills

Why have Beechams Brand Pills grown in Public favour for 90 years—whilst hundreds of "remedies" have come and gone? Simply through personal recommendation. Try them yourself, and you'll tell others how wonderful they are—so gentle, certain, pain-free and non-habit-forming. Beechams Pills are safe for young or old. Never equalled for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Liverishness, Indigestion and Mental Depression.

Purely Vegetable.

Sold Everywhere.

Keep REGULAR with BEECHAMS PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM

"I find Urace brand tablets excellent not only in allaying the acute pains of neuritis and rheumatism, but in improving the general condition in chronic cases."—Miss —, Eastbourne.
Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-



SKIN DISEASES

Amazing New Discovery

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world..."
(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic: no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send For Free Sample!

How and why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with a generous Free Sample, and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!

The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd., (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



BACKACHE

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until they have to give up, becoming bedridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past.

Sufferers, you must realise that Backache is Nature's warning of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble. That is what makes life a misery for so many, many people. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently you can end your trouble by taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

De Witts Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. Their blood-cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain.

Remember this. De Witts Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by Kidney Trouble. They are not just ordinary pills or salts that pass through the bowels out of the system. They purify the blood and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witts Pills go to the seat of the trouble—the kidneys.

De WITTS  **1/3**
KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS **3/-**
5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get **MAN ZAN** Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all chemists at 1/6

HOUSEWIFE (Appleby).—"Winter is the most expensive season." Even light bills are heavy.

TED (Coventry).—"What are the understood things in gents' evening gloves?" Hands.

J. W. (Leeds).—"It is a positive delight to meet a man you can trust." But more so if he pays cash.

BOXER (Ealing).—"I used to think my son was a budding champion." But now he's a blooming failure?

G. C. (Oxford).—"There's nothing to prevent the average person writing a play." That's the trouble.

WALTER (Wells).—"Wrestling is an excellent aid to health." A grapple a day keeps the doctor away.

Mrs. V. (Exeter).—"The men worked so quickly that in two days the house was ready for the electricity to be switched on." They wired in properly, then.

Miss G. (Hastings).—"Although my fiancé declares he loves me, when I asked him if he would die for me, he said 'No.' His must be an undying love.

D. H. (Brixton).—"Had I been in normal health, instead of badly needing a rest, I could have easily avoided the car that hit me." You were run down!

M. A. (Oxford).—"Some men get their education late in life." Others, of course, have no children to bring their home lessons home.

DOCTOR (Cardiff).—"Everybody should make a point of retiring between nine and ten." Most people find it difficult enough between sixty and seventy.

T. T. (Nottingham).—"What is, seriously, the real reason man should be restricted to one wife?" No man can serve two masters.

F. L. (Iver).—"According to a meteorologist a plague of wasps indicates a hot end to the summer." The hot end of a wasp indicates that you've been stung.

P. S. (Stoke Newington).—"Funny, but the majority of good billiard-players suffer from swollen heads." They can't help putting on side, as it were.

FOOTBALLER (Leyton).—"When I headed against the post I brought the house down." Lucky you didn't bring the goal down.

MAGNATE (City).—"No business firm will knowingly engage a blockhead." Yet he is equal to any post.

V. H. (South Coast).—"Imagine my feelings when one of the other competitors in a fishing carnival caught me putting my hand into his tin of bait." You felt a worm?

PATIENT (Edinburgh).—"After X-raying me, the physician gave me his undivided attention until I was out of danger." He saw you through after seeing through you, then?

PUGILIST (Blackfriars).—"Although he had as many as six helpers, I knocked him out in less than half a minute." So he had about the same number of seconds in the ring as out of it.

E. T. (Ipswich).—"We were in a fix because the singer failed to come, but fortunately an illusionist filled the breach." You mean you were fortunate he put in a disappearance?

ROWING ENTHUSIAST (Putney).—"I detest taking my wife on the river, because she will insist upon attempting to row, while I am doing so." She likes to keep putting her oar in?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

PEOPLES' JOURNAL, DUNDEE.—"... a pedestrian noticed a boy come along the street and without any COMPENSATION kick them..."

BROMLEY AND WEST KENT MERCURY.—"After visiting local places of interest the party took tea in an old tithe barn."

CHESTER CHRONICLE.—"... the lady members made themselves responsible for the TEARS and refreshments."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS.—"... but being wide children, they remained close to mother."

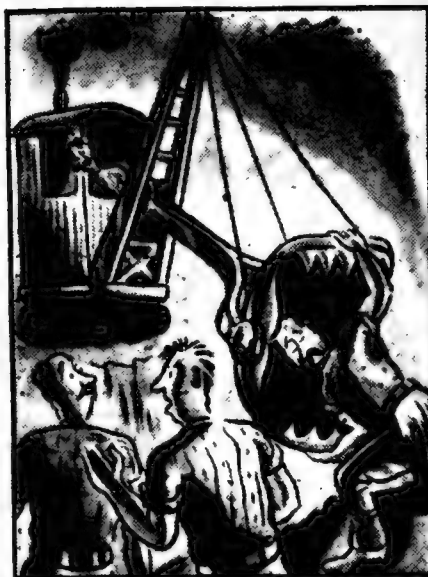
SYDENHAM, FOREST HILL AND PENGZ GAZETTE.—"... as much care is required in crossing a main road as in crossing a snow-covered GLAZIER."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL.—"But something happened in the Stadium... which caused our hearts to SING in our boots."



Mr. H. Bournemouth.—"The wife's taken to driving so I've bought a spare wheel." What you'll need is a new car!

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



"It's force of habit. He was once a lion-tamer."
(from "The Passing Show.")

D. F. (Eastbourne).—"My landlady's dog is very bad-tempered." A cross breed?

Y. R. (Wimbledon).—"I thrashed all the boys I found sunbathing on my land." You gave them all a good tanning?

J. H. (Chiswick).—"Although approaching the centenary stage, I can still enjoy a day's shooting." Still game.

R. F. (Swindon).—"I used to be a guard, but now I am an engine driver." We are glad you have made your way to the front.

B. R. (Boston).—"What our universities need is a course of seventeenth-century chivalry." Knight classes, so to speak?

ROADSTER (Hull).—"I ask you, what chance has a tramp nowadays of getting a crust of bread?" An outside one.

B. N. (Frome).—"I often sit and think about the lovely things I would do if I won one of those big football prizes." You live in a pool's paradise?

F. H. (Edinburgh).—"A bill poster recently left £1,000 in his will." Obviously that was a man who had been sticking to his hoardings!

M. A. (Torquay).—"What can a man do if his wife sees him talking to a girl and takes a photograph?" Await developments.

SECRETARY (Birmingham).—"I didn't even try to read his letter, for there was neither full stop nor comma in it." So you didn't see any point in it.

G. L. (Southampton).—"My father used to say that where there's dirt there's money, so I went into the gravel and ballast business." And won through by sheer grit?

Y. I. (Cheam).—"I am convinced that women who can cook, but will not, ought not to be allowed to marry." The same applies to those who cannot cook, but will!

F. H. (Bolton).—"My wife is very jealous because the neighbour's hedge at the foot of his garden is better than mine." So you will have to look to your laurels.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

BOATMAN (Whitstable).—"I married my wife for a mate." And find she's the skipper?

BILL (Derby).—"How the phrenologist could read my bumps was beyond me." It was over your head.

HEAVY-WIGHT (Blackfriars).—"His left was an eye-opener." That's just what we should have thought it wasn't.

TOM C. (Oldham).—"I started as a window-cleaner, and now I'm a company director." You've climbed the ladder?

G. B. (Oxford).—"I see the Americans are holding a horse-chestnut competition." They stoop to conkers.

D. P. (Hammermith).—"What sort of a criminal is he who cannot possibly keep straight?" A rheumatic one, we expect.

T. S. (Cromer).—"When I am thirsty I go for a glass of lemonade like a drowning man." And clutch at a straw?

GROCKA (Battersea).—"My cheese doesn't seem a very strong attraction to customers." Perhaps it's too strong.

M. L. (Turnham Green).—"Everyone knows the chief use of petrol." Yes, to yield taxation.

FISHERMAN (Brixham).—"I have retired after seventy years of angling." Have you at last given up all hope of getting a bite?

J. H. (St. Andrews).—"I get a lot of quiet amusement watching golfers drive off." Tee hee!

C. M. (Morecambe).—"Funny, but I cannot grow a decent moustache." It bristles with difficulty.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"I am afraid my new novel will cause a lot of controversy." A work of friction.

H. S. (Bungay).—"Treasury notes are sometimes found among waste-paper." Yes, but all that litter is not gold.

B. S. (Kensal Rise).—"The best swimmer I know is terribly in debt." He can't keep his head above water.

E. T. (Liverpool).—"It's very depressing never coming up in a football pool." But more so in an ordinary one.

P. T. M. (Hull).—"What is the best way of selecting a car?" By letting us take you to the next Motor Show and do the paying. There's the car of your choice, a £500 fortune and a Millionaire's Weekend to be won on page 47.

ANGLER (Berwick).—"What does it usually signify when trout rise?" That they have come to the surface.

D. N. (Highgate).—"A gardener should never waste time in regretting his mistakes." Let him turn over a new leaf and he'll probably find a caterpillar on it.

A. R. S. (Wargrove).—"My neighbours have just lost their two cats, and they suspect me of poisoning them." Something they put down to you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

FREE SEVEN DAY TUBE OF CORO-SHAVE
—THE BETTER BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Would you like a seven-day trial tube of Coro-Shave, the new and better brushless shave? No pain, no "pull." Skin as soft as velvet. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 232), 39 King's Rd., London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.
COS 4-39

Eat NUTTALL'S MINTOES
THEY GIVE YOU ENERGY!



My tobacco
only costs me
Eightpence

"Yes, eightpence is my price . . . and 'Digger' is my choice every time. For real, honest value I've found nothing to beat this fine Empire tobacco made by Player's . . . and you'll never get a cooler smoke in a day's march."

PLAYER'S
DIGGER

8^D
PER
OZ.

MIXTURE



Also FLAKE SHAG & CUT PLUG

Made by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

**What Thin, Weak,
Nervous, Ailing
Men Need!**



Wake Up Weakened Strength and Weight - Building GLANDS with MINERALS and FOOD IODINE. Add Husky New Lbs., Tireless Energy, New Health. Without use of drugs.

"VIKELP" Tablets, the amazing natural mineral concentrate from the Pacific Ocean get right down and correct the real underlying cause of most illnesses, weakness, thinness, premature ageing, and nervous, run-down conditions—GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE. When these glands don't work properly, you suffer from malnutrition and all the food in the world can't help you, it just isn't turned into flesh. The result is you stay "TOO THIN," Tired-Out, Nervous, Ill and Run-Down. Latest discoveries in Nutrition show that the most important gland, the Thyroid, and other tiny hidden glands which control body-weight and strength—must have a regular evenly balanced ration of the 12 essential life-giving MINERALS plus FOOD IODINE all the time (not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic not mere iodine fumes).

Only when the system gets an adequate supply of FOOD IODINE and MINERALS can you regulate metabolism, the body's process of converting digested food into FIRM FLESH, New Health, Strength and Energy. To get these 12 essential life-giving MINERALS in assimilable form (Iron, Phosphorus, Magnesium, Potassium, Calcium, Copper, Sulphur, Manganese, etc.) and FOOD IODINE, so sadly lacking in the foods we eat yet so vitally essential to the body—take "VIKELP" Tablets, made of an amazing Pacific Ocean sea-plant, now recognized as the world's richest source of these precious substances. Contain 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. Absolutely free from drugs. Your body is not only rejuvenated, but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism, nervousness, and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely. Whatever you have tried before try "VIKELP" Tablets today. Your own doctor will approve of this way. See flatteringly extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep.

If you don't gain new health, energy, vigour, and extra pounds (8-9 pounds not uncommon) the trial is free. 40 Tablets 1/9d., 100 3/6d., 225 6/6d., 675 17/6d. If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. J.B./4, Health Products Laboratories Ltd., 10, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

VIKELP HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

It's Glands Starving for Minerals and Food Iodine that Keep People ill Run-down and Thin

**CROSSWORD
RESULT, No. 32.**

(Continued from page 45.)

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £250 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will receive £3 9s. 6d. for each such Square. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

All Prizes will be accompanied by a luxurious £9 9s. All-wave "Ferranti" Radio.

An added Radio Surprise Award will be sent to each Radio winner from whom "John Bull" received four or more coupons in same envelope.

**BONUS WINNERS in CROSSWORD
No. 30.**

Thirty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £3 6s. 8d. have been despatched.

**BONUS WINNERS in CROSSWORD
No. 31.**

Nine competitors qualified to share the extra £150 offered and payments of £16 13s. 4d. have been despatched.

"Up the airy mountain,
down the rushy glen . . ."
FAIRY GLEN, BETTWS-Y-COED



• LET'S SIT HERE

The best part of a long walk is the pause in the middle of it. Out comes the Moting Chocolate. Here's to the man who invented this ideal outdoor food! Chocolate filled with almonds to keep spirits up, and juicy raisins to keep thirst down. . . The sky grows more blue, the birds sing more sweetly, and adventure calls again. You hitch your pack and go — full of fresh energy.

ANOTHER HUGE JOHN BULL CROSSWORD RADIO OFFER



30! WEEKLY FOR LIFE

and £500

USE SQUARES BELOW TO WIN YOUR HUGE PENSION plus FORTUNE PRIZE OR LUMP SUM OF £500 CASH

MAGNIFICENT BONUS
AWARD OF FERRANTI
ALL-MAINS ALL-WAVE
RADIO

one with each Runner-up Prize of £1 and over, and, if First Prize is shared one with each such share of £30 and over

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each holder of entry containing only one most meritorious Answer than Runner-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award To Be Posted Wednesday, October 15.



READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and post on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, October 2.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 15. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 20, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing (1) Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

PRESENTED on this page is the thirty-fifth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Apptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 15, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 35. Closing FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1936.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

P.O. value..... No.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 35. Closing FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1936.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

P.O. value..... No.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name

Address

AFFIX

1½d.

STAMP

HERE

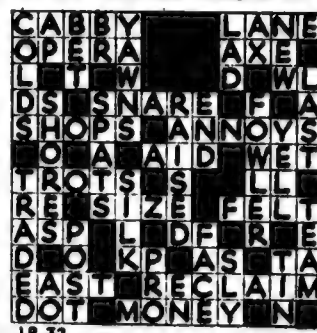
AFFIX

1½d.

STAMP

HERE

FREE!



X-WORD No. 32.

RESULT ON PAGE 45.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above. Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 32 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the Coupon given below.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Elevates
6. Look better with a little ornament
10. Widespread outbreak of disease
11. You see trouble in shadows
13. You see many strange ones when hiking
14. It's better when this finishes on a happy note
16. Take food
17. Finish in fender
20. Common to Erin and Irish
21. How singing begins in music
22. Most people appreciate this when well done
24. Infant
26. One feels one can't trust stranger who is this
27. Seamy side of life is often seen in this
29. First half of pint
31. You need a big vessel to boil this
33. Contend in Vienna
35. Guardian spirit
38. Vegetable dishes have these
39. Remains of ancient ones often help in reconstructing the past
40. Decay
41. Success of circus horses depends on them being well this
42. Where pigs live in style
43. End of means

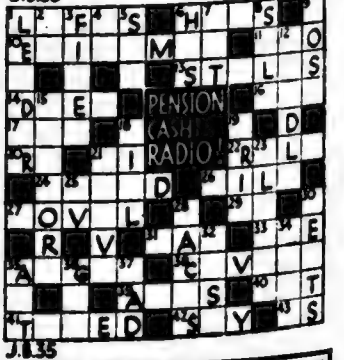
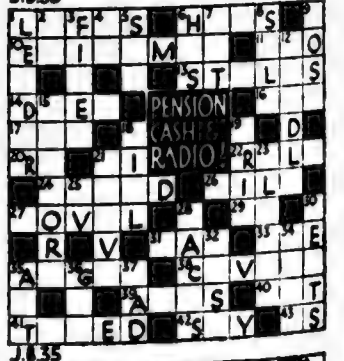
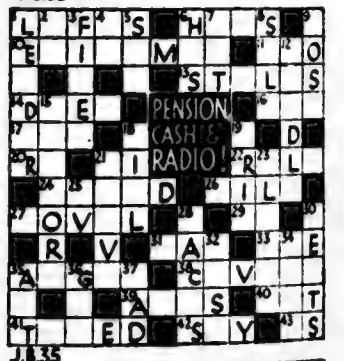
CLUES DOWN

1. Cheerful one always has big following
2. Part of quip in cipher
3. Important business agreement should be carefully this
4. First and last of third
5. Weaker one doesn't give such good results
6. Belonging to him
7. Part of a play
8. Goods are sold cheaply in this
9. Child who goes ahead when picking wild flowers often gets this
12. Fatal
15. Fabulous animal with one horn
18. Patient expects to get this from doctor
19. Commercial needs a good one on business
21. You use this for sifting ashes
23. His name was Twist and he asked for more
25. Have without vowels
28. Runner should test his before starting race
30. Cricket crowds get bored when these are too long
32. More than mere
34. Common metal
35. This is often connected with industry
36. Its value depends upon its setting
37. A boy

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



REWARDS' PRIZE: A special prize of £2 will be awarded to the competitor from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £2 will be divided between shared winners.

ADDRESS ENTRY
CROSSWORD NO. 35.
"JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Do You Have SHINITOSIS Of The Face And Nose?

A million women in England have it and do not know it

There are thousands of skin pores on your nose and face. Once they become enlarged and irritated from dust, dirt, harmful cosmetics, or any cause, they constantly secrete a greasy substance combined with moisture, which makes the skin shiny, greasy, coarse and rough. In all such cases Dr. J. Conte, skin specialist, Member of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris says: "First apply a good skin food cream, like Crème Tokalon which penetrates down deep into the skin pores, soothes the skin, and cleanses choked up pores. Next apply a moisture proof powder like Poudre Tokalon which will not combine with greasy moisture and form hard particles which penetrate and irritate the pores." Poudre Tokalon has a lectrostatic affinity for the skin, like a magnet has for needles



SHINITOSIS IS RUINING THE FAMOUS COMPLEXIONS OF ENGLISH WOMEN

or a piece of steel. Once on, it stays on. Ugly nose and face shine are banished forever. Successful results are guaranteed in every case or the manufacturers will refund your money. 6d. and 1/- a box.

£3,750 CASH AND LUXURY RADIOS WON IN CROSSWORD No. 32.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 32, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one square (see page 44) were the following five competitors:—

Sgt. W. Baker, 2nd East Surrey Regiment, Shorncliffe, Folkestone.
Mrs. E. M. Barrett, 42, Middle Lane, Crouch End, London, N.
W. J. Edwards, 20, Castle Street, Shrewsbury.
R. C. Goldsmith, 2, Reginald Street, Luton, Beds.
R. Ramsey, 22, Queens Road, Wimbledon, S.W.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £3,500 First Prize and a cheque for £700 will be sent to each. Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 23, sending £1 Scrutiny fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

(Continued on page 43)

INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES FREE OFFER.

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. Apart from the physical disability, there is always the mental strain of endeavouring to keep the trouble secret as long as possible. Sufferers will not frankly seek advice for Piles as they would for other ailments, yet it such a simple matter to cure the trouble easily and painlessly in the privacy of one's own home. The MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE—a doctor's formula—will instantly relieve the pain and irritation of swollen piles. Its soothing action will reduce protrusions, check hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how bad the condition.

Mr. P. Hale, of 31, Bradley St., Cardiff, writes:—"I have much pleasure in reporting a complete recovery after using your MAGIC PILE CURE. Words cannot praise this wonderful remedy enough. I had suffered from Piles for two years, had tried everything, and spent pounds trying to get ease from my suffering—all without result. Now, within three weeks of trying your MAGIC PILE CURE all pain and swelling has gone. It is hardly credible, unless one has suffered from rectal trouble, to appreciate what your cure has done for me in so short a time. It is, as you claim, a 'magic' cure for all rectal troubles, so easy, clean and dependable. I consider it worth its weight in gold."

The MAGIC PILE CURE has been used and recommended for more than 25 years; there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind and bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails. For a generous FREE SAMPLE and a postcard to: MAGIC LABORATORIES M.J.N., 26, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

"My hair was rapidly falling out and becoming terribly thin."



New Hair Growth by using KOTALKO

Blackpool. "My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried KOTALKO. My hair stopped coming away on the comb and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff." Thousands of men and women have regained the new growth of hair by using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They re-grow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stiffening dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggers, softening the hardened scalp and reviving new and vigorous life and growth.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HARTY BRITAIN, Ltd., 2, Fenchurch St., London, W.I.
Please send me, post paid, Tasting Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME
ADDRESS

Send Hair Regrowth with KOTALKO. Shampoo and Tonic. Hair Fall-out with KOTALKO SOAP. The Tonic Shampoo.

HER HEADACHES WERE DUE TO HER TRIGEMINAL NERVE



If you struggle on continually drooping beneath a multitude of health troubles . . . going to bed worn out at night . . . facing each new day with dread . . . racked by pain . . . unable to enjoy your meals . . . then you, too, need the Wonderful Remedy that is restoring New Health to thousands upon thousands of ailing men and women.

You, too, should start at once to take that remarkable medicine which all the World knows as Dr. Cassells Tablets!

Do YOU wonder WHY you keep getting headaches and other pains . . . why nothing seems to do you any good . . . why you are condemned to go on suffering day by day? Then read the case of Mrs. Brown and learn how she found New Health and Strength!



Oh dear! I'm so worried about my Head Pains—nothing will stop them!



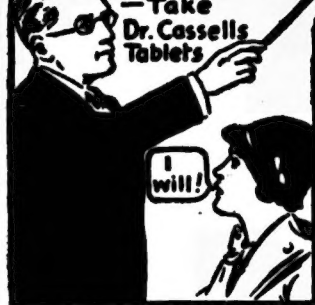
I think I know what is wrong, Mrs. Brown. Do you also feel Tired Out & get Indigestion & so on?

INDEX OF NERVE SYMPTOMS

Keep your nerves healthy and well-nourished, with Dr. Cassells Tablets, and you will be free from these symptoms of Nerve Weakness:—

- HEADACHES
- BACKACHE
- IRRITABILITY
- NEURALGIA
- SCIATICA
- DEPRESSION
- PALPITATION
- HYSTERIA
- INDIGESTION
- NERVOUS
- BREAKDOWN
- NEURITIS

Your trouble Mrs. Brown, is due to Worn Out Nerves. Every action of your body is governed by your Nerves. When Nerves are Weak the whole body is weakened. Those Head Pains are caused by your Trigeminal Nerve. You must rebuild your Nerve Force.



—Take Dr. Cassells Tablets



Thank you! My Health Trouble has completely gone.

YOUR STARVED NERVES NEED DR. CASSELLS TREATMENT

Every sufferer from Debilitated and Impoverished Nerves will find in Dr. Cassells Tablets a wonderful scientific combination of proved value. Medical Research has fully endorsed its marvellous restorative powers. Each ingredient has been selected for a definite purpose and each plays its part in bringing back the weakened nerves to complete and lasting health. There is only one scientific way of overcoming nervous trouble and that is to supply the elements which are lacking by taking Dr. Cassells Tablets. Go to your chemist and buy a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves. Dr. Cassells Tablets are the complete treatment . . . they strengthen the nerves whilst they rejuvenate the whole body. Do not suffer longer, begin to take Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY!

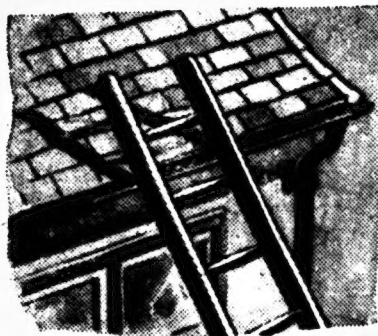
From All Chemists 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-



Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

The LADDER of DEATH



"HOLD on," came a warning cry—but too late. The ladder that had been placed against the house was slipping fast. There was no escape for the man whose feet were on the rungs, and he was hurled to the ground 25 feet below.

Thus in an instant tragedy came to the home of Mr. E. O. Jenkins, of 44, Abertillery Road, Blaina. Mr. Jenkins, who was repairing the roof of his house, died from injuries sustained in his fall.

"JOHN BULL" CHEQUE

As the late Mr. Jenkins was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided by "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift for fatal home accidents—has been promptly sent to his widow.

In addition to Benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, JOHN BULL makes generous provision for accidents on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing. Children's Accidents, Loss by

Burglary, Damage to Wireless by Lightning, etc.

AND YOUR HOME!—JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest—and the only paper to pay Sickness Benefits.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS

During the past week alone JOHN BULL distributed no less than £683 19s. 11d. to registered readers or their dependents as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Household and Sickness Benefits	320	9	11
Accidents—adults	114	0	0
Accidents—children	249	10	0
Total	£683	19	11

One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under 15).

If you have not yet signed for safety, fill up the forms below NOW.

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your
Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 26/9/36.

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 26/9/36.

STRANGE NEW THRILLS from the Animal World

NEARLY 100 amazing pictures, many taken at risk to life and limb... exciting jungle adventures that thrill... gripping wild life stories are packed within the SIXTY FOUR Art photograph pages of this magnificent September issue of ZOO on sale to-day. There's an extraordinary two page panorama of "Wild Elephants going down to the River." You'll see animals whose lives are saved by their colour—the thrilling capture of a giant Forest Hog—the perils of the Azusa Pool during a reptile hunt. You'll enjoy the news from the Zoo, expert advice on the care of your pets and a host of other equally fascinating contents.

There's a big demand for this fine number—don't delay—get yours now, price sixpence.

LOOK OUT
for the grand October issue of ZOO on sale Thursday, October 1. It's another astounding 64-page issue teeming with amazing pictures and articles. Don't miss it—get your copy of the September issue on sale to-day, and ask your Newsagent to reserve a copy of the October number for you.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN
OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Postage 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3

HE OWES his big SUCCESS TO HER



"WITHOUT my wife, I would never have done it!"

Modest Mr. H. Fleming accepted my congratulations on his *Bullet's* First Prize with these words, reports a JOHN BULL man, when I called at his tenement home at 43, Academy Street, Bathgate.

So I congratulated Mrs. Fleming also on her husband's success in capturing £500 and a Radiogram up to £50 in value in *Bullet's* 1,042nd Contest.

"We have two boys, aged 15 and 13, and a wee girl of 10," this 36-year-old railway worker told me, "and it has been a struggle to bring them up on my wages of £2 15s. a week."

"For years I have been trying to win a big *Bullet's* First Prize; sometimes I used to get depressed about not reaching my goal, but the wife always put fresh heart into me."

The effort with which Mr. Fleming realised his lifetime's ambition was the neat and timely *Bullet*, *Big Guns*—"BRAVE" DISPLAY OF—FEAR!
"I had that play on 'brave' and 'fear' in my mind for some time," Mr. Fleming told me, "but did not enter it until I found the right *Example*."

To promote himself from the ranks of minor cash prize-winners to the proud position of Second Prize-winner was the splendid achievement in this Contest of Mr. R. Gray, 8, Killermont Road, Bearsden, Glasgow.

A £50 cheque and £9 19s. 6d. Radio was this busy engineer's fine 2-in-1 reward for his amusing and well-constructed effort, *Good-bye, Grundy—Show You've Got Legs!*

"I usually submit my efforts to my

family of critics," said Mr. Gray. "This consists of my wife, my daughter, who is a teacher, and my son, Robert."

"When I considered that *Example*, *Good-bye, Grundy*, my first thought was to hasten her departure," Mr. Gray recalled. "Then the inference in telling her that she was really a human being made me smile. My family often tell me that my *Bullet's* need letters of explanation attached to them, but I was advised to send in that one as it stood."

A seasoned competitor carried off Third Prize honours in this Contest—Mr. W. Gee, 145, Lynton Road, Acton. His was the telling £25-plus-Radio *Bullet*, *Grandpa's 80, But—'Umpire's' His Life-Long Friend*.

"I try to look at the *Examples* from all angles," said Mr. Gee, "and that is how I made my winning effort. I imagined Grandpa in a village cricket match, with a score of 80. He could not have reached this without the assistance of some outside person, and that must obviously have been his old crony, the umpire. The line has also, of course, a deeper implication."

"My Third Prize *Bullet* was written direct from the *Example*," he concluded, "in literally a few seconds."

On the opposite page you will find 36 interesting *Examples*. And with one of them, in a few minutes, you can make a *Bullet* worth £500, a Motor-car and Millionaire's Week-end!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,043.

First Prize, £500, plus Radio Pension as announced:

W. C. HARRIS, 70, Hillside Road, Tottenham, N.

Example: THANKS TO NURSE

Bullet: OVERLOOKED—MY ONLY "TWINGE."

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

W. BARKER, 17, Back York Street, Castleford.
Example: Young Puppy
Bullet: Pest, "Yapping About Cars."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

C. ELLIOTT, 37, Thomas Street, West Bromwich.
Example: Man Who Waits
Bullet: For It, Adversity's "Recruit."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

- £20: E. A. JOHARD, 78, Lingham Street, London, S.W.
Up Against It—Cry Off? On—Laugh!
£15: A. BOWLING, 10, Green Walk, Timperley, Cheshire.
In The Depths—Seaside "Mermald," Home Again!
£10: H. LEVENSON, 204, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.
Easy To See—Until Success "Magnified" Him.
£9: W. KINCAID, 19, Crowhill Street, Glasgow.
To Keep Order—Inside Mind, Mind "Inside"!
£8: Mrs. E. BRACEGIRDLE, 135, University Avenue, Belfast.
Twisting And Turning—On "Camp Bed," World.
£7: Mrs. M. COOK, 1, Rosedale Grove, Spring Bank West, Hull.
She's Refused Him, So—Buying Revolver? Buying Rounds!
£6: F. HOBSON, "Braeside," 75, Newsome Road South, Berry Brown, Huddersfield.
On "Tour—Fly—Interrupted" "Grandpa's Travels."
£5: E. VARLEY, 34, Wood Road North, Manchester.
Friends Again—Then Spaniards Fighting Famine.
£4: W. H. MEWTON, Woodholme, Callington.
Taken Down—Reporter—Gangster "Covering" Him.
£3: F. W. LEA, Roade, Northampton.
Open Your Windows And—Purses, Giving Hospitals "Relief."

12 OF £2 10s. EACH:

- Mrs. D. H. ARRES, Mildeans, Markinch, Fife.
Before The Judge—Kiddle—"In Dock," Slums.
A. G. COLLYER, 33, Sangley Road, South Norwood, S.E.
Rang The Bell—His "Silver Tongue" Helped.
H. W. CONNELL, 81, Wheelways Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Our Toddler—Makes Three "Struggling Along."

- J. CRUICKSHANK, Culcabock, Wards Road, Elgin.
Man Who Waits—Luck's Spin. Lacks "Spine."
F. FORD, 58, Remer Street, Crewe.
She's Refused Him, So—"Lonely Path" Suddenly Frightening.
Mrs. A. GOODLEY, 53, Radley Road, Abingdon.
Man Who Waits—Then Won't Wait, Back-maller.
H. E. MASON, 24, Eden Avenue, Burnopfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Thanks To Nurse—Sleep, Mother's "Of Duty."
T. H. MURPHY, 7, Newark Block, L.C.C. Loughboro' Estate, Brixton.
Doesn't Help—Doctor's "Bag," Youth's Ruck-sack.
A. J. SEDWELL, 9, Princes Drive, Preston.
Rowdy Lot—Students? Hospital's Creditors "Quietened."
Mrs. J. SHIRLEY, "Brantwood," Dukinfield.
Rang The Bell—Millionaire—Walters Like Firemen!
A. VARLEY, 46, Larch Road, New Ollerton, Nottingham.
Knitting—Seen Through—Soon, Three.
F. A. WINTER, 57, Darfield Road, Brockley, S.E.
Easy To See—Beacons—Not Way Across!
Each of the above winners up to £50 will also receive a "Philips" All-mains Radio set, as will 25 of £1 10s. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at these offices.

**FREE GIFT
FOR EVERY
COMPETITOR**

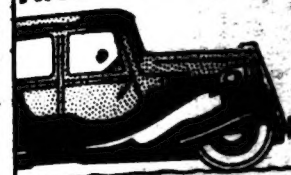
—coming next week
for "Bullets" Monster
24th Birthday Offer
of Prizes and Bonuses
value

OVER £5,000!

HUGE NEW 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE 25 OTHER FINE DOUBLE AWARDS



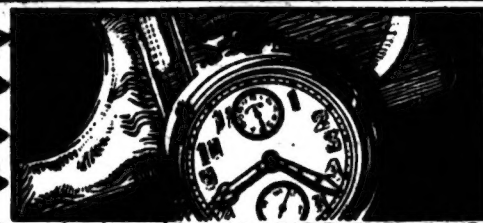
AND MOTOR SHOW WEEK-END TO CHOOSE



Winner and companion will be feted at a London Hotel on Friday, October 23, visit Motor Show next day to choose any car value up to £200, witness Television Demonstration, tour sights in luxury, and return home on Sunday or Monday. All at "John Bull's" expense, including exclusive use of limousine.

ANY CAR
UP TO RETAIL PRICE OF £200

FORTUNE, CAR & CELEBRATION WEEK-END FOR A BULLET



NEW 'BULLETS' PRIZES BEAT FATHER TIME!
UNIQUE £10.10s. ALARM WATCH

For pocket or handbag, in beautiful travelling case for bedside use also, given with every prize of £2 10s up to £50 this week. Are you sometimes late getting up in the morning? Do you miss your 'bus or train through setting over breakfast? Do you sometimes miss an appointment during the day? Do you miss a Radio programme you intended to hear? Do you ever just miss the post? With one of these magnificent £10 10s. Alarm Watches in your possession, you can beat Father Time at last!

It rings by your bedside, in your pocket, in your handbag—wherever you may be, it reminds you of the time you wanted to remember, and makes life run like clockwork. The watch has a fully jewelled movement, beautiful finish, and, backed by a guarantee, it is a prize to serve you faithfully and well, and one in which all your friends will be keenly interested.

1047

- £25 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £20 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £15 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £10 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £9 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £8 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £7 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £6 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £5 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £4 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £3.10s. PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE
- £2 PLUS £10.10s. PRIZE

12 of £2.10s. PLUS NEW £10.10s. PRIZE
25 PRIZES OF £1

500 of 2s.6d. • 3,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" • 5,000 "STAR TARGETS"

This Week Only

FINE TRIPLE FIRST, NEW PRIZES AND "BULLETS" CHEQUES GALORE!

ENTER the best Bullet this week and you will win not one fine prize, but three—a £500 fortune, a Motor-car and one of those thrilling Millionaire's Week-ends for which JOHN BULL is famous.

This unique 3-in-1 First provides other thrilling features as well. Come up to London as JOHN BULL's Millionaire Guest and on Saturday, October 24, you will be taken to the Motor Show to select any kind of car you like up to £200 in value. You will also be privileged to witness the marvels of an actual television display as well as enjoying all the usual thrills of a Millionaire's Week-end.

Outstanding as is this new 3-in-1 First, it is by no means the only novel attraction in this fine prize-list, for each of the next 25 cash prize-winners will receive a handsome £10 10s. Alarm Watch.

Read on this page of the advantages of winning one of these unique awards which accompany the cheques for those who just miss the top of the prize-list—then get busy on your efforts for this fine one-week contest!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

FIRST read carefully through the list of Examples provided on this page and you will soon find some that strike you as particularly promising. Write down some selected Examples and to each one add all the rough comments it suggests to your mind.

Next follows the important process of transforming these rough notes into polished Bullets. Each of your completed Bullets, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen Example.

Suppose, for instance, that against the Example, RAIN OF DEATH, you had scribbled the thought, That Helps War-time Profiteer. That rough idea you could easily develop into the typical Bullet, RAIN OF DEATH—MADE PROFITEER'S "GARDEN" now.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the successful Bullets in our 1,047rd contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the Examples without delay, for your entry for this outstanding one-week offer must reach Long Acre by Saturday, October 3.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 1,047

GENEVA WANTS
MAN WHO SCORES
RAIN OF DEATH
IF CONSCRIPTION COMES
BEWILDERED WORLD
REVIVED HER
AMID THE TUMULT
UNRECOGNISED
WATCHING AND WAITING
AN IMPOSTOR
BURSTING WITH IMPORTANCE
FOOTBALL FANS
FAIR DEMAND
ONE NEVER KNOWS
PILL FOR THE DOCTOR
NOW SANDY KEEPS HENS
FURNISHING
TO DIE
"YOU'RE A BRIGHT ONE!"
SAID THE DIEMARD
ROCKING
TAKEN ALL ROUND
HER EYES DANCED AND
FEELING ROMANTIC
NEEDS VIGILANCE
WHEN AUNTIE MOVED
LIKE A FORTRESS
HE'S AN ARTIST, SO
TIGHT
WHEN HE'S PAID
STIFLING A YAWN
TRUE AS STEEL
OUR DAILY HELP
ON THORNS
NOW TELEVISION'S HERE
WITHOUT AN ENEMY

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

- The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being originality, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
- Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed "A Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
- The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ACCEPT
48
FREE PAGES
of help with
"BULLETS" and
"JOHN BULL'S"
CROSSWORDS
USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 2d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,047) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing SAT., Oct. 3. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,047) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing SAT., Oct. 3. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,047) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing SAT., Oct. 3. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,047) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

Closing SAT., Oct. 3. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £1, £2 and £5 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,047 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,047 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. M. Donaghy, North Bridge Street, Bathgate.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,047, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

HOW DOES SHE KEEP HER

Holiday HEALTH?

SHE'S healthy, happy and slim, and just as gloriously fit now as at the end of her Summer Holidays—and it's all because she takes her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the digestive organs, purify the blood, and daily eliminate all food residue from the system. You, too, can keep your holiday health—feel as fit as a fiddle and be always at concert pitch—if you take Bile Beans regularly.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS

YOU Too Will Keep Your HOLIDAY Health



WHY NOT SLIM WHILE YOU SLEEP?

Autumn fashions and evening gowns demand a slim line. If you want that fashionable figure which shows off dresses to perfection, just take Bile Beans nightly. Bile Beans melt away surplus fat, and keep you in splendid health. No violent exercises or dieting, just 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of Bile Beans.



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